



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
M28p
v. 3

The person charging this material is responsible for its return on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

University of Illinois Library

MAR - 1 1968

AUG 12 1985

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE.

VOL. III.

THE
PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE;

OR,

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

HERBERT AINSLIE, B.A.,
CANTAB.

'I have always contended that obedience even to an erring conscience was the way to gain light, and that it mattered not where a man began so that he began on what came to hand, and in faith; and that anything might become a divine method of truth; that to the pure all things are pure, and have a self-correcting virtue and power of germinating.'—NEWMAN'S 'Apologia,' p. 333.

'He faced the spectres of the mind,
And laid them.'

'At last he beat his music out.'

TENNYSON'S 'In Memoriam.'

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. III.

LONDON :
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.
1868.

[All rights reserved.]

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

823
M28 p
v.3

CONTENTS
TO
THE THIRD VOLUME.

BOOK VI.—*continued.*

CHAP.	PAGE
IV. THE FRIENDS	1
V. CONVERSE	12
VI. DITTO	22
VII. A SUNDAY RAMBLE	33
VIII. MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL	45
IX. DE OMNIBUS REBUS	54
X. CONCLUSIONS	85
XI. ON DUTY	96
XII. INFLUENCE	105
XIII. EFFECTS	129

CONTENTS.

BOOK VII.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL	137
II.	DITTO	146
III.	A CHRISTMAS GREETING	154
IV.	MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL	160
V.	AN ANNOUNCEMENT	165
VI.	AN INTERVAL	174
VII.	REALISATION	179
VIII.	PROSPECTS	183
IX.	AN ADDITION	192
X.	A GLIMPSE	201
XI.	REPORTING PROGRESS	205
XII.	EPISODES	243
XIII.	THE GOAL	265

BOOK VI. *continued.*

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRIENDS.

IT soon became a rare thing for Herbert to go to Sydney without paying a visit to Bondi, for so the little bay was named. Mr Travers was always warm in his welcome. It had long been a subject of regret with him that his daughter manifested so much reserve and indifference for what is called society; unless, indeed, any one required her assistance,

and then nothing could surpass her self-denying benevolence, or her gentle tact and wisdom.

Her intercourse with Herbert was free and unconstrained, as that of persons who are thrown together for a short time, and who care only to derive as much pleasure and profit as possible from each other before they are separated. It is in such circumstances probably that people best learn each other. Where neither side has any ulterior end in view, there is no motive for concealment or pretence, and the nature of each is allowed to appear without any disturbance of its true proportions.

Though this household was the one oasis in Herbert's colonial life, his heart was still in England. It had never occurred to him as possible that he could make a home or a permanent resting-place elsewhere. Conversing with her,

and together studying their favourite books, they soon discovered a perfect identity of taste and sentiment. But in what consisted the real charm for both seems to have been little suspected by either of them. Miss Travers acknowledged some peculiarity about Herbert, for so far from ever paying her the slightest compliment, as all other men to her intense annoyance persisted in doing, he seemed scarcely to know that she was a woman. There was the same self-contained quiet deference in his manner to her as to everybody else, but an utter unconsciousness of any difference of sex; and so she on her part forgot that he was a man, or, if a man, that he was not her brother, and both were thrown off their guard, as not knowing there was anything to be guarded against. There is probably nothing more delightful to a perfectly true and pure-hearted woman than to be thus

treated by an intelligent man as a friend and equal. Such conduct is in itself the most delicate compliment to her mind and disposition, which such a woman ever regards as the best parts of her nature, whatever men in general may think to the contrary.

One entry in Miss Travers' diary shows how narrowly her pleasure in Herbert's society escaped disturbance.

'I wish Mrs M. would not take the trouble to come to see me. She always contrives to say something that annoys me. Such a strange notion too. She said that she considered Mr Ainslie a most dangerous man. She qualified it afterwards by adding "at least he would be so if he knew his power." She saw how surprised I was, and graciously explained, "Yes, my dear, you are too young yet to have discovered that a woman is never so liable to be impressed by a man as when he

makes her forget that she is a woman. He pays no compliment, bestows upon her no small talk; in short, does nothing to show he is aware of any difference. So that one is undermined and taken before one has found out that an enemy is near."

'Poor Herbert, how amused he would have been at this description of himself. But I would not for the world destroy the charm of unconsciousness in him. I see now that we have been as comrades, or as brother and sister to each other. I have often longed for a brother, and am well content with him. Yet why should he choose me for his sister? I hardly talk before him; not much to him. I think of a hundred things, but he always says them before they reach my lips. It must be that he feels an affinity of mind, and enjoys it without requiring utterance from me. I can speak more easily, more brilliantly, as novels say, to anybody, than to

him or in his presence. He produces in me a feeling of content or repose. Action, exertion, seem as superfluous as if all desirable results had been already achieved, or were at his bidding.'

Herbert saw in Miss Travers a soul open to all the universe, and capable of the largest sympathies, but these had as yet found but few opportunities of exercise, save among the families of the labourers on her father's station, and by them she was regarded as an angel of kindness. To Herbert her character seemed that of a universal sister, a personification of all beauty, goodness, and truth, the resting-place of divinest charity and compassion, extending to the erring as well as to the suffering. He was tempted one day by some flagrant folly on the part of some public man to pen a bitter satire on its perpetrator. It duly appeared in print, and he showed it to his friend. She was greatly

distressed by it, but added, 'Men are so different from us. I suppose I am not able to judge.' Such was Mary Travers; unable to do any wrong herself, when any whom she believed in seemed to her to err, she would say 'There must be something I do not understand,' and still trust on.

The young are always patriotic, and nowhere more than in a new country, where the absence of historical associations permits the mind to dwell more on the future. Miss Travers' attachment to her native land was very strong. She loved to form an ideal of its future, and to think of the glorious harmony that might be evolved even out of such a chaos as that from which Australia was emerging. How that with a history unsullied by national crime, and a soil unstained by cruel wars, the new southern world might grow to become the exemplar of the world and the hope of all the earth. Ever seeking some

means of aiding her country's development, she perceives in Herbert powers capable of being used for much good, a will so to apply them, clear insight, and high feeling. In their many conversations at home, wandering by the sea-side, or in long country rides, he has revealed to her his system of thought and his personal history, without reserve, for she was one who compelled the entire confidence of all who approached her. None felt any fear of stumbling against the boundaries of her nature, or transcending either her comprehension or her charity. In her the intellectual and the moral natures rivalled each other in their development. And Herbert feels that in his relations to her there must be no halfness; no tabooed subjects on which they are agreed to differ and be silent. Ever in search of the true, he cannot now enact a lie, and obtain her friendship by suffering her to remain in

ignorance of his real opinions. If she is one whom they would shock, or to whom they would be unintelligible, she cannot be the friend for whom he has longed. He will seek farther. Better spend life in dreaming of a true ideal than embitter it by descending to a false real.

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSE.

It was early in their acquaintance, when talking about their first meeting, that Mary learnt that Herbert had never been to church since. She felt that the mere fact of his having been long in a country where there was no church to go to, would, rather than destroy a habit acquired in early life, create an eagerness to resume it, unless there were other reasons for abstinence.

‘You a musician,’ he exclaimed, in answer to her queries, ‘and wonder at

my never going to church ! Think how you would like to go to a concert where every one seemed to you to play out of time and tune. Exactly so does it jar upon me to hear men asserting doctrines that I perceive to be false, and inconsistent, not only with my own views, but with each other ; and to listen to them vilifying human nature and exalting the monstrous product of their own imaginations into the place of God, and denouncing all who do not fall down and worship the image they so brazenly set up.'

Miss Travers supposes it is for man to worship intelligently, and woman emotionally ; he with the head, she with the heart, suffering her feelings to be drawn upwards without criticising, or indeed being conscious of the agency which moves her. She does not remember listening to a sermon critically before she saw Herbert do so. She has always done it since,

and has got less benefit from them than previously. No doubt to one fresh from his communings with God and nature face to face in the prairie and the forest, on mountain and by river, listening to most sermons must seem like going into the nursery again.

‘A happy alchemy yours,’ he says, ‘that turns everything into gold. But your mood in church seems to me to be rather one of reverie, than of actual worship;—such a state as really good music excites in me, while a sermon, whether good or bad, is able to produce it in you. But you are not the first who believes most when listening least. Away from sermon-makers and dogmatists, I have ever felt far more religious faith and feeling than when listening to their elaborate expositions. All is human while I hear them. All is divine when they are not by. I

fear that it can rarely be said now-a-days that "Faith cometh by hearing."

Miss Travers thinks she listens to music in a very different way to that in which she hears a sermon.

'We are probably close,' he resumes, 'upon the secret of the vitality shown by all religions, no matter how intrinsically absurd they may be. Caught young and trained rigidly, it does not occur to people to question anything that tallies with their first impressions. Fortunately, men are better than their creeds, and their religious aspirations are excited by the early associations connected with the place and the rite, quite independently of the truth or propriety of the details. The good you get at church is not from what you hear there, but from your own thoughts.'

'But are they not suggested by what is said?'

‘Is it Emerson who says that many an excellent discourse is heard in church of which the preacher has little notion?’

‘Oh yes, and it is so true. The text, or something, often sets me off in a train of thought which I do not get out of until the sermon is over, and I come away without having heard a word of it. But even in things evil there is a soul of goodness; and if you refuse to acknowledge in their faith and worship the highest and best of which people are capable, are you not liable to recognize the existence of only the inferior side of their nature? What I mean is, that the intention may deserve respect, though the performance falls short. And they surely *intend* their worship to express all their best feelings of piety and reverence, though it may do so imperfectly; —though they are, as Tennyson’s most profound poem says:

‘But children crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry.’

‘I recognize good in everything,’ said Herbert, ‘except in Phariseism. But you have truly named the grounds on which one looks with a degree of satisfaction on the various modes by which all nations and tribes endeavour to express their sense of dependence on a Supreme Being. In so far as their religion is what it was defined to be by the most anathematized writer of the revolutionary period, “Man bringing to his Maker of the fruits of his heart,”—no one honours it more than I do. But who will say that the harsh dogmas of the Churches are the fruits of aught but the metaphysical and illogical heads, not the hearts, of men?’

‘I think,’ said Miss Travers, ‘I know where you found that beautiful definition of religion.’

‘Is it possible’ that you have read Paine’s “Rights of Man!”’

‘My life has been a peculiar one. My mother died when I was a child; and, left very much to myself, I devoured every book that came in my way. There was no one to guide my choice, except my invalid aunt, and my father always said that I might do as I liked, for nothing would harm me. He had a few strange books, the remains of a relative’s library. I read them all, and enjoyed that one especially, its logic seemed so splendid. I suppose I ought to be ashamed to own it.’

‘The people who would be most shocked at the avowal are not those who have read the book,’ replied Herbert. ‘It is in his other writings, I believe, that Paine’s coarseness appears; and I doubt whether they would be considered too coarse, if applied to the rival mythologies instead of to our own. No one dreams of

disputing in our days, though few admit that to his dauntless courage and keen perceptions we owe the suggestion of every modern reform in Church and State.'

'And how beautifully,' said Miss Travers, 'he follows up his definition by the illustration of a parent receiving tokens of affection from his children, each bringing what his heart prompts,—a fruit, a flower, or any other gift, and all meeting with acceptance as the offering of affection.'

'A most unecclesiastical sentiment,' exclaimed Herbert. 'But how often it has happened that the martyr or blasphemer of one age is the prophet of the next.'

'We bestow much pity,' she observed, 'upon martyrs; but I can understand how that the vision of truth and the anticipation of the gratitude of posterity, to say nothing of their assurance of the divine approbation, must be rewards really greater than those of compliance and conformity. But is it

so to one who values sympathy as you do ?’

‘ All who love truth must value sympathy,’ returned Herbert ; ‘ though, no doubt, many have to be content with that of their own Ideal, which is to them the approbation of God.’

‘ Can one do better ? Next to my father, my principal friends have been my books and my pencil. Occasionally some one has come whom I at first liked, and put upon a pedestal in my imagination ; but on a closer acquaintance they always tumbled down, to my disappointment ; and I was left, like Leila in that beautiful story in Southey’s “ Thalaba.” The companions made of snow by the magician for his daughter soon melted away, and left her doubly lonely.’

‘ The illustration is probably apter than you are aware of,’ answered Herbert. ‘ Your own imagination is a magician that transforms all who approach you into some-

thing that they are not in themselves. Like clouds at sunset, their splendour vanishes when your rays are withdrawn.'

'And I unkindly blame the poor, dull, grey clouds, for not having brighter hues of their own,' she said, laughing.

'Or, perhaps,' he added, 'wishing to earn your approbation, they, tradesman-like, put their best in the window ; and you have been disappointed at the inferiority of the stock within.'

'Well, I must not complain, if done from a desire to please me.'

CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSE.

From Herbert Ainslie's Journal.

I OFTEN find myself gliding into subjects that I never expected to talk about to any young lady. Her thoughtful disposition and peculiar line of reading, especially in German, have accustomed her to ideas that I, in my lonely wanderings, had fancied belonged to myself alone. She renewed the question of church-going, and I asked if she had ever heard a beautiful air sung to indifferent words.

‘Oh yes; and always wished that the words had been in some unknown tongue,

that the music might be left to express its own real meaning: and this,' she thought, 'must be one of the charms of the foreign opera. The music is always better than the words, and people either do not understand the language, or do not think of the words, and so are left to the sole influence of the music; but when we meet with a happy marriage of "perfect music unto noble words," each interpreting and fulfilling the other, making the words mean more when sung than said;'—there was nothing she delighted in so much as a good English ballad.

'You have given me,' I said, 'a solution of a problem that has always puzzled me, namely, why the wise Roman Church insists on its people praying in an unknown tongue. The music of their hearts might be destroyed by plain words at which their understanding could cavil; a knowledge of the words would destroy the illusion. I,

too, can pray, but not in words. Let my prayer be limited to a general aspiration towards a higher and better,—an aspiration that may show itself in the acts of my life; but do not insist on my ransacking my brain for details of wants to be supplied, or require me to analyze the Divine nature,—to define the infinite,—in order to comprehend the process by which God justifies himself to himself for listening to me. It is the old contest between the spirit and the letter. You get good by not listening. You worship with the heart, while I criticise with the head. It is my misfortune that I cannot help listening; and when I see people bowing and responding, “I believe” in so-and-so, I cannot help stiffening myself and responding, “I don’t.” In music alone I get devotion without dogma, religion without opinion. The purpose of all worship is to foster the divine ideal in the soul; to do, not God service, for we

cannot benefit Him, but man service, by bringing vividly before the mind the idea of perfection, and exciting us to strive towards it. In such worship as this, Christian and Atheist alike can join; for the perfect standard can exist in our minds whether we believe that the Ideal has an objective personal existence or not. One main function of prayer is to concentrate and intensify the faculties, and bring them into a favourable condition for appreciating those spiritual phenomena which transcend ordinary observation. Thus, the only prayer I know is intense wishing.'

'It is much the same with me,' she said, and added in a low tone, 'only I always wish kneeling.'

After a pause, she said, 'I have thought a good deal over what you said one day, that the imagination cannot create. If that be so, is not the fact of our believing in God proof of His existence?'

I asked if she had ever analyzed the phrase, 'believing in God,' so as to get a definite conception of what people mean by it ?

She said, No, but that she thought all understood the same thing by it.

'Even including those who are called Atheists,' I said.

'How so ?' she asked.

'Because by God they all mean simply the cause of that which is, though they differ widely about the nature of that cause. There is, therefore, no such thing as an Atheist, unless there be any who do not believe in cause and effect. We ever reason from what we know to what we do not know. From the small we imagine the great, from the near the remote, from the seen the unseen, from the part the whole, from the effect the cause. Finding cause necessary to effect, we reason back till we refer all things to one cause. There we

are stopped by the lack of knowledge, and our inability to go farther. We frame a title—First Cause—for the Unimaginable, and gladly overlook the contradiction of its terms;—overlook that a cause itself is but an effect of a prior cause. Summing up the whole infinite series of causes or effects,—for they are the same thing—we call them God; meaning that which is: the great I AM.'

'How curious,' she exclaimed, 'to find oneself thus unexpectedly confronted with the ancient Mosaic name of God! But what then is it that we pray to?' asked she anxiously.

'As far as I can see,' I said, 'I believe that most verbal prayers are, in reality, requests to the general order of things to arrange themselves in a manner favourable to our wishes. Of course to this end the only rational prayer is work to effect what we desire. The exaltation of begging

above working, is worthy only of a Church that sends forth mendicant friars.'

' But how do you reconcile that with the injunction "always to pray"? '

' I don't feel bound to reconcile anything I say with anything said by others ; but the addition of "and not to faint" converts the sentence into an exhortation against despairing so long as we can make an effort. The illustration that follows, shows that such is its meaning. For the widow is represented as going to work in the only way in which she can hope to move the unjust judge (to whom the Almighty is, with very questionable taste, compared), by giving him no peace of his life until he yields to her importunity. But we can find many uses for prayer without having recourse to the supernatural. By means of prayer, unwelcome events are brought so vividly before the mind that we at length become accustomed

to the contemplation of them, and a conviction of their inevitableness gradually induces a feeling of acquiescence or resignation. In weakness and helplessness we esteem this a desirable frame of mind. When stronger, we feel that misery and calamity are the legitimate offspring of ignorance and mismanagement, and we are roused to do our best to prevent their recurrence, and so to put ourselves and mankind in a better position than before. Prayer, again, is often an irresistible utterance of the soul in agony. After a paroxysm comes relief; but the cry that escapes in the paroxysm does not bring it. Far be it from me to deny the Divine personality. I only assert that while the terms "Infinite" and "Personal" are to us utterly incongruous, we are still by the necessities of our nature compelled to imagine God even such an one altogether as we are; differing not in kind but only

in degree. Our theologies are all the victims of an inevitable anthropomorphism. For we can only comprehend anything in so far as we can compare the conditions of its being with those of our own; and by the Absolute we mean that which exists independently of all conditions.'

'I think you will understand,' said Miss Travers, 'a feeling that came over me once. On a bright summer's day I lay on the grass looking up into the blue cloudless sky. It seemed, as I looked, as if my sight kept penetrating farther and farther until I felt as if detached from my bodily self and at large in space. For one instant I seemed to realize what it was to be without limit or position. All around was a pure void, and go far as I would, I could discover nothing but space so empty as to contain not even God. I seemed to have got so far from myself as to have lost Him. I was in an agony of desolation.

The sensation, brief as it was, was overwhelming, and I felt irresistibly that God himself as a Person can never have existed alone. It was such a relief to come back and find myself surrounded by things that I could see and feel. The very trees had new charms for me, for they were companions to me.'

'Two or three times in my life,' I said, 'I have with like intensity seemed to realize the immensity of time and space, and felt so overwhelmed and lost that it was impossible to endure the sensation for more than an instant. It was like a sense of despair that must drive one mad. But did no after-inference suggest itself to you, affecting your ideas generally?'

'There was one,' she replied, 'that seemed so bold that I dared not entertain it until I met with something like it in my reading. I felt that there must be as it were a substratum of God in man, or there

could be no God out of man. I don't think it was a Pantheistic idea, for I did not think everything was God, but that in some way God was in everything.'

'Is it Emerson's essay on the Oversoul that you refer to, where he says, "I the imperfect adore my own Perfect," and speaks of the individual mingling with the universal soul?'

'It was rather the idea that occurs in another part of the same essay: "Jove nods to Jove from behind each of us." But the passage I meant was one in which he says, "The Gods only can recognize the Gods."''

CHAPTER VII.

A SUNDAY RAMBLE.

I DESPAIR of writing down Miss Travers' conversation. One might as well attempt to describe the fragrance of a rose. In her manner, and the tones of her voice, there is a grace and harmony that suggests so much more than written words can convey. For her large heart and brain the Universe has never been pared down to a narrow circle of hearsays, but she seems to have centred in her mind the ends of the clues of all truths, which she is not afraid of following wherever they

may lead. With the loftiest and tenderest poetic sentiment she combines a strictly logical faculty. Her father said one day that had she lived under a *regime* where 'women's rights' were recognized, he should have been puzzled whether to make her a lawyer, a poet, or a nurse. And his estimate of her character is right. She would have been perfect in either capacity. What Emerson quotes of the fair Persian, that such was the redundancy of her nature that all the books of the poets seemed to be written upon her, is true of Mary Travers, with the addition that she seems also capable of having written the poems herself. It is very beautiful to witness her father's faith and trust in her.

Her influence seems to have diffused itself for me over the whole country. I cannot imagine Australia without her. It is scarcely a pun to say it has become one

universal 'Mary-land.' The last time I was on my way up the country, I had been round by Bondi to say good-bye, and had got some distance on my journey when I was joined by some ill-looking fellows, also on their way to the gold-fields, who insisted on keeping me company, and were anything but harmonious to my own thoughts. At most times I should have shown my annoyance, and harshly desired them to leave me to myself. But all evils seem small to one who is blessed with such a friendship as Mary's. The tone and manner of her last greetings were so fresh in my memory, and her influence seemed to have so thoroughly penetrated my whole nature, that I could find no place for an angry feeling. And I found myself talking to them just as she herself might have done. And I believe they were as conscious of the spell as I myself was, so quickly and completely were they won. I

...

could not help being amused by the contrast between their manners when they joined me and the subdued tone of respect with which they presently apologized, and begged me to 'drink something at their expense' on parting at the first public-house. I am sure that any one who knew her would have 'taken knowledge of me that I had been with' Mary.

Sunday Evening. I promised to go to the church at St Leonard's this morning with Mr and Miss Travers. We were to lunch with the incumbent, a man of large heart and acquirements, and Miss Travers promised that the sermon should not shock me.

Last evening was one of immense delight. One of the sweetest songstresses of the day, a woman of high character and feeling, has come to Sydney, and we went to the theatre to hear her. Mary enjoyed the treat as much as I did. The solemn

grandeur of the Psalm-like music of Norma did me more good than a thousand homilies, suffusing one's whole nature with a sense of the sublime and the holy. Then followed some of our own old ballads, expressing all sweet and innocent feeling, and rendered with a simplicity and archness that left nothing to be desired. The intervals were occupied by some admirable instrumental music. This morning Mr Travers was unwell and desired us to go to St Leonard's without him. We drove to Sydney, and crossed the beautiful harbour in a boat, and walked up the hill towards the church. The morning and the scene were surpassingly fair. All the peculiar foliage of Australia being in its full beauty, with its profusion of wild flowers of most brilliant colours, with here and there the strange-looking grass trees. Half-way up the hill we sat down on the milk-white sandstone ledge and gazed around. The

deep blue water of the harbour lay below sleeping in a dreamy haze, dotted over with lazy white sails. And over all the landscape seemed to float the delicious strains of last night's music, suffusing all nature with harmony, and making for our souls an universe of light and beauty and tenderness. No need of words when souls are as one, and see all things from the same aspect. Truly, indeed, may it be said of us then that we were 'in the spirit on the Lord's day.' Lingeringly we ascended to the church. No wonder the service was far advanced. To Mary's great disappointment a stranger went into the pulpit. He took advantage of the general interest in the new singer to inveigh against theatres and all public performances; denounced the frivolous world for giving more money for a seat at a concert than for one in a church; enlarged on the special iniquity of spending Saturday night

in such a manner; and drew an elaborate picture of the blessedness of those righteous persons who abstain from all worldly amusement here, in full and certain assurance of having much better music hereafter, when weeping and gnashing of teeth will be the never-ending lot of—— But why detail the hideous nonsense? It was over at last. We left the church, and slowly wended our way in silence down the hill. At length Miss Travers drew a long breath and said, ‘God forgive him. I see now how people are made infidels.’

The sermon was prefaced by the collect for Advent Sunday. It is years since I have heard that collect before, and coming upon me with all the freshness of novelty, I was greatly struck by the amount of subjective truth I found in it. I mentioned this to Miss Travers, and she said that she had long felt that a religion must depend for its credibility and efficacy upon its ap-

peals to the conscience rather than upon any outward signs and wonders; but the idea had never come so clearly before her mind as to make her feel that the supernatural occurrences were any difficulty in the way of belief.

I said that I believed there must be an element of truth in every popular opinion, and that until I have discovered this point of agreement between us, I feel that I have no comprehension of the question at issue. That I believed there are some, even ministers in the Church of England, who agree with me in rejecting all the miraculous portions of the Christian narratives, as mythical, legendary, or emblematical, and account for them by the fact that the primitive records of every people and religion are full of similar wonders. That I can do this with the whole objective portions of the collect we had just heard, and

yet find in it a deep significance and a sublime truth. That what for others are historical facts clustering around the life of some particular individual, are for me facts occurring in the psychological history of all humanity.

‘Yet this collect,’ she said, ‘speaks very distinctly of Christ coming at some future time to judge the quick and dead!’

‘Can you recall,’ I asked, ‘your first conception of perfection in life and conduct; how meagre and imperfect it was; how weak and incompetent to raise and guide your conduct; and how it was strongest in your humility, and weakest when you felt best pleased with yourself.’

‘Oh yes, and the very contemplation of what I ought to be made me feel mortified by the contrast.’

‘Accepting Christ, then, as our ideal,

the collect describes him truly as "coming in humility," both in outward condition and in real power. But the standard is never fixed. It grows with our growth, and takes entire possession of our minds, ever drawing us up higher towards itself, and still ever increasing the distance between us and it; until when life is well nigh spent, and we look back upon the little we have been able to achieve, we are utterly shocked and self-condemned on beholding the vast interval between our performance and our standard. "And so he cometh to judge the world." The law of consciousness abides for ever, and by that we must be judged.'

'A truth,' she observed, 'that exists independently of any historical record or circumstance. But how difficult it is to understand how people should require for inward truth the authority of outward signs.'

‘Especially when it seems self-evident that no power of working wonders can possibly prove more than that the worker possessed such power; not that he speaks the truth.’

‘We read too,’ she said, ‘of “lying wonders,” and Jesus cautioned his disciples not to be led away by them.’

‘Wherefore we may believe,’ I added, ‘that He never worked any miracles in proof of his doctrine, but trusted to its appeal to the hearts and minds of men.’

We had crossed the harbour and were driving home, when she asked if I found any one in the bush who cared to talk on such subjects.

I said no, I reserved all my metaphysics for her, and feared sometimes that I must be tiresome; but she could little imagine the relief it was to me to allow my thoughts to overflow to one who could understand them so well.

Her answer was, like herself, all that was most kind and sisterly, and I thought I perceived a degree of emotion, and almost tearfulness, while she spoke.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

‘ IN every little action of Herbert’s life he unconsciously carries out his “ greatest happiness ” theory. This, and his ardent love of inquiry, seem to be his chief characteristics. He reminds me of Emerson’s Experimenter, to whom no facts are sacred, none profane ; an endless seeker with no past at his back. Or of the patriarch of old obeying the divine call, “ Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, to a land that I will show thee,” a land of free thought and

new ideas. What a painful dilemma it must have been to one of his disposition to be placed between the necessity of paining his parents, or belying his own convictions. It was very hard to avoid betraying how deeply I was touched by the simple narrative of his unconscious heroism in abandoning all the bright prospects of his life, leaving the Egypt where comfort and honour abounded, and going forth to die if need be in the wilderness. Yet what was this but following the injunction of Christ, to leave all and follow him, the ideal perfection? Not to be rich, not to be happy, but to bear witness to the truth.

‘How singularly clear he makes many parts of the Bible to me, and so human. As he told my dear father and myself all his story that evening, sitting on the little bench under the acacias, I could hardly help throwing my arms round his neck and kissing him, and telling him

I would be his sister and try to make him feel that he was not utterly alone in the world. How unfeeling he must have thought me when I got up so abruptly and went away. Yet I don't think he thought so; for sometimes it seems to me as if he read my very thoughts. How startled I was last night at the theatre when listening to that delicious music, forgetful of the place, and thinking only of the old violinist and the scene at the opera in Bulwer's wonderful "Zanoni." He was sitting behind me and leant forward and whispered "Do you remember old Pisani?" It was like an echo from my own thought. The magician himself could not have read my mind more clearly.

'And this morning, when I was provoked with myself for having made him go and hear that dreadful sermon, instead of saying a word to increase my vexation, he led me to talk of something else so kindly and

delicately, without in the least showing that he was aware what a service he was doing me. I thanked him to-night before he left us, and asked why the wickedness of that sermon should be so painfully conspicuous, when I had heard others very much like it without noticing it in them. He said, "If you remain in the same room where you have been dining, you do not perceive the smell of the dinner. But if you go out into fresher air, and then return, the odour is exceedingly unpleasant. We have been roaming together over the hills of thought, inhaling the pure atmosphere of truth and enjoying the fresh breezes of free inquiry. It is only on coming back to the old haunt of all narrowness and uncharitableness that we learn how close and disagreeable it is."

'I must make a note of that beautiful illustration which he drew from last night's concert, during our delicious walk up to St

Leonard's. We were rather early in arriving, and had to undergo listening to the process of tuning the instruments, a thing carefully avoided by most people, but Herbert said he rather liked it. For that amid all the strange creakings and groanings, and harsh incongruous sounds that seem so utterly and hopelessly at variance with each other, there is a connection and a meaning discoverable by a careful listener. And he takes special delight in marking the gradual change as sweetest music comes to be evolved out of the chaos of discord, until the whole combines in perfect and fullest harmony; suggesting to him the progress of humanity; the groaning and travailing of creation towards a higher and happier destiny.'

Under a later date she writes,—

'I have been reading the marvellous poem of "Festus" again. I do not wonder at Herbert's liking it so much, but I think

I can find a reason for it independently of its great breadth and boldness. He has sympathy with a character unconsciously resembling his own. Under similar circumstances he would have enacted much the same part. Indeed when I think of his stories of the islands and the beautiful girl—But no: his is one of those natures that never spoil. Like the traveller of whom it was said he had gone round the world without ever going into it, Herbert has passed through scenes which would have destroyed or soiled a weaker or coarser nature, and has come out not merely uninjured, but actually refined and purified by them. It is not in avoiding temptation, but in safely passing through it, that virtue is attained. This must be what Herbert meant when he said that temptation was only another name for experience.

‘With all other men I have known,

success in the world has been the aim of their lives. Herbert makes this subordinate to his love of truth. So firmly is he fixed in this direction that I believe he would give up his greatest friend if he found him artificial and unreal ; but is he not, therefore, incapable of that friendship which would be firm under all trials, all disappointments, in character as well as in deed ? Does friendship require this ?

‘ One chooses a friend from sympathy with his noble qualities. If he be ignoble, one has formed a friendship for a phantom ; and phantoms fly before the day’s revealing light. My friend may do wrongly, even wickedly ; but so long as his fault does not indicate a low or coarse nature, so long as it proceeds from weakness rather than from meanness, he is still my friend, and shall have my sympathy and affection the more he suffers under the consciousness of

his error. Herbert's character helps me to comprehend better the force of that beautiful sentiment of Lovelace—

“I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.”

True love, true friendship, can only exist in a true nature.

‘I wish I could help Herbert to find a sphere worthy of him, both for his own sake and my country’s. It is not his particular opinions so much as his character that I wish to see transfused into every class. There is an universality about him that is the great charm of Shakspeare. Not for an age, or nations, but for all times and places. Unlocal. This, perhaps, is the meaning of the phrase, “Son of Man.” Son of humanity. Our favourite, Emerson, says that “Common souls pay with what they do; nobler ones with what they are.” He convinces me of his power without doing. Yet I am sure he would be happier

in doing also ; and more would benefit thereby. I am glad to find he regards his present appointment as only a stepping-stone. I love the ambition of a noble soul.'

CHAPTER IX.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS.

UNDER nearly the same date Herbert writes :—Miss Travers is anxious about her country. She rejoices in the prospect of its obtaining a responsible government, but fears that personal motives actuate too many of those who are engaged in framing the new Constitution which is expected to do so much. Certainly the attempts that are being made to establish hereditary dignities, a non-elective Legislature, a State Church, an exclusive University, and even a national debt, as a good thing in itself,

betray the conviction that by clothing Australia in all the encumbrances of the mother country they will secure for it as great a career. As precedent, not justice, is the principle of the law courts, so 'imitation, not fitness,' is the motto of the colonial statesmen.

The loftiest building requires the best-laid foundation. While the weight is light and the altitude low, inequalities and weaknesses do not appear. It is when the edifice begins to tower aloft in massiveness and grandeur that the defects of the foundation become apparent, and threaten the stability of the whole structure. If only a low state of civilization be aimed at, low motives of action may form a sufficient basis for society. Motives founded on selfish prudence and temporary expediency, have been found tolerably adequate to the attainment of such civilization as the world has yet seen. If man is ever to advance

so far beyond his primitive savageness as to become perfectly fitted for a state of association ; if ever ' the kingdom of heaven ' is indeed to be realized on earth, it is plain that none but the highest motives and the truest principles must be employed in laying the foundation and building up the edifice of such a civilization. Without these, Australia will but go the way of all nations, and in her turn vanish and give place to others.

I was saying something of this kind to Mr Travers and his daughter, when he replied that it might be all very good in abstract theory ; but that he thought experience showed that certain restrictions and limitations are necessary in a young community, which may be dispensed with afterwards. He used to read a good deal when he was a younger man, and remembered reading in a book of which he had forgotten the name, that the Bible taught the

same thing. Low and earthly motives of action were given to the early world, and the character of the Creator, and his mode of working, were told in ways adapted to the undeveloped comprehensions of primitive nations; and it had considerably modified his free-thinking tendencies to find that the Bible was intended to teach, not all truth, but only such as could be appreciated; varying the nature of its statements so as to adapt them to the growth of the human mind. I said I should very much like to read that book; but on such an hypothesis it would be difficult to show that such gradual development of truth in the Bible-history was not merely the result of man's own mental growth.

True, he said; he had not thought of that: but the question was whether society could be constituted without any other basis than man's own common sense and experience. I observed that the popular be-

lief is that it has been so with all nations except the Jews ; but to make any exception is to admit that it can be done. At any rate the Jews are hardly an instance of success under the advantages claimed for them. One thing alone seems very certain, namely, that no matter how perfect in theory any system may be, it cannot work itself. The Americans, for instance, seem to me so well satisfied with their theoretically faultless constitution that they think it will govern them without any effort on their own part ; whereas we are so conscious of the locks and jars between its different parts, to which our constitution is liable, that all parties are constantly careful to exercise a degree of self-control sufficient to prevent their occurring. Thus, an indifferent system, well administered, works better than the most perfect one badly administered ; and, in-

deed, the consciousness of a necessity for caution is a discipline in itself.

Mr Travers said that, without any of the old English prejudices against France, he thought there must be some reason, independently of knowledge, which both possessed about equally, to account for the stability of the one and the fickleness of the other nation.

I remarked that ardent Protestants are ready enough to attribute any superiority the English may have to the free circulation of the Scriptures; omitting to reckon that native independence of character which led our ancestors to insist on enjoying freedom of thought. Regarding the Bible with a superstitious reverence, as a sort of talisman, they do not see that it is rather to the Bible as a Representative Book, free and open to all, that is, to free thought and knowledge, the credit is due.

Mr Travers observed that when experience has shown that a country reaches the highest civilization under certain forms of society and government, it might be the best thing for a new community to copy those forms. For instance, if it is sufficiently proved that the best system for an agricultural country is one under which society is divided into a sort of trinity composed of labourers, tenant farmers, and large proprietors, Legislation ought to aim at creating such a system.

I said that, on the contrary, I believed if such a condition was best suited to any country, the inhabitants would soon find it out and follow it without compulsion. That experience is first necessary to ascertain whether the institutions of one country are adapted to another. And that it would be as reasonable to maintain that as in all highly-civilized communities the land is distributed into open country, villages, and

cities, therefore there should be laws compelling and arranging the details of such a division. The bane of all governments, I thought, was over-legislation. It grows out of the old mistrust of nature and of the harmony of the Divine method. The idea of revelation, or knowledge independent of experience, has the same basis. And the very practice of supplementing human instincts by artificial laws is a like confession of atheism, or infidelity in the natural order of things. Our law of primogeniture may be quoted as a curious instance of this. It is maintained on two opposite and mutually destructive grounds. One, that it is the common wish of mankind to found and perpetuate families. And the other, that men must be in a measure compelled to do so, because they do not wish it sufficiently to take steps towards that end.

In answer to a question of Miss Travers about the causes of national characteris-

tics, I observed that they were sometimes attributed to diversity of origin, in opposition to the unity of the species; but that there seemed to be quite enough in difference of climate and position, food and customs, acting through many ages, to produce very wide differences among men. I had found it most interesting to try and track the cause of their various religious temperaments. Tropical religions, for instance, recognize deities ardent as their own sun, furious and hasty as their hurricanes, governed by the most extravagant caprice, and entirely devoid of rational sequence. The sharp skies and scanty soil of Scotland, on the other hand, produce a deity governing on principles of cold relentless logic, whose devotees must have all truth crystallized into dogmas, sharp, clearly defined, and harsh as the tones of their national bagpipes. Calvinism and cocoa-nuts cannot flourish in the same lati-

tudes. Infallibility, however, is claimed everywhere, and intolerance is the law of all priesthoods ; they at least have a community of sentiment on this point, if not of origin and practice. In speculating on the consequences of a number of persons arriving simultaneously and congregating upon an unoccupied soil, it is evident that mutual forbearance and toleration must be their prime condition of association. Each party wishes to retain, of course, as much as possible of its peculiarities, so that the first thing they do, provided they have sufficient intelligence to avoid quarrelling and fighting, must be to enact rules for their mutual protection. I had seen in California a state founded under very nearly such circumstances. But I should like to see the sort of principles which, reasoning abstractedly, we should lay down in such a case. The first thing, of course, would be to determine who should have a voice in

the arrangement of the terms on which they are to dwell together.

‘Why, everybody,’ said Mr Travers, ‘for all are equally interested ; and if any be omitted he is no party to the contract, and is not bound by the agreement.’

‘The suffrage must therefore be universal.’

‘Of course the children and women can’t vote,’ he said.

‘Nor the paupers?’ I asked.

‘Why in the case you have put, only the people have as yet landed ; their goods are still afloat, so that it does not appear who is and who is not a pauper.’

‘But ought not the families to have been left on board for the present too?’ asked Mary.

‘We may suppose,’ I said, ‘that the parties had all agreed to keep the peace. But, being landed, it seems that they must, in virtue of their being persons and not

property, take an equal share in what is going on.'

'If there are any Turks among them they will have left their women shut up until they have houses to hide them in,' suggested Mary.

'I don't like the women voting,' said Mr Travers. 'They had better let their husbands settle it for them.'

'Supposing they all have husbands,' I said. 'But to use compulsion would be to make the strongest the ruler, and if might is to make right the sooner our new community begins to fight it out the sooner things will be settled.'

'None but a few strong-minded spinsters would want votes,' observed Mr Travers. 'What say you, Mary?'

'Oh, I would give them all votes, and the women having trusted their husbands so far as to marry and emigrate with them, would intrust their votes also to them.'

Every married man would thus count for twice as much as the bachelor. I am only doubtful about the children. Perhaps the parents ought to have votes in proportion to the number of their children. The larger the family the greater the interest in the welfare of the State, and it seems as if everybody ought to be represented.'

'So you would give coachman John, and his nine squallers, five times as much influence as to me with my one golden Mary? No, no, give the preponderance to property rather than to mere breeding power, or you rate the rat above the elephant, the herring above the whale. Unless, indeed, you go by weight instead of numbers.'

'But you would talk John over, dear father, and add his votes to yours.'

'So that after all,' I said, 'we come to the reign of intelligence. Not of the rich; not of the strong; but of those who are

most successful in talking the others over; that is, those who best can put before their fellow-citizens the principles of truth and justice so clearly as to compel their assent.'

'Men are selfish, my good sir.'

'And therefore desirous of improvement. We are so happily constituted, that when we once see clearly that anything better than what we have is within our reach, we never rest until we get it. Selfishness is no bad thing in itself. Capable of unlimited abuse, it is nevertheless Nature's one great agent for the improvement of humanity.'

'A novel doctrine this of yours, is it not?' asked Mr Travers. 'I should like to hear you work it out more fully.'

'Another time I will try to do so, but let us stick for the present to our colony. We have seen that the suffrage is likely to be a fruitful source of contention, for even we cannot arrive at any clear principle

respecting it. I think generally, however, the married women would be too much occupied in domestic matters to be able to take part in public ones. The remaining principles of their association seem more easily fixed. All parties would have an equal claim to the maintenance of their previous customs in all respects that did not infringe on the equal rights of the others. So that protection for person and property would be the principal aim of the government.'

'Good,' ejaculated Mr Travers. 'Then its work is simple enough.'

'And it would seem no easy matter to find a cause for division and bitter party-spirit?' I asked. 'Let us see. Of course each would practise his own religious rites. The Romanist would be entitled to his cloister, the Chinaman to his idols, the Jew to his synagogue, the Scotchman to his Sabbath and his whisky, and the Mormon and the

Turk to their harems, and so on, provided, of course, they considered all these as matters private to themselves; for it would be monstrous to make the Romanist contribute towards the support of the polygamist's religion, or the Jew pay for the rites of the idolater.'

'This is supposing no party to have an overwhelming preponderance in the State,' said Mr Travers; 'but I strongly suspect that if any one were in a great majority, it would swamp the others and make them pay for its own purposes. I agree with you, however, that this would be injustice, and the oppression of the few by the many. Supposing all to be of one party the difficulty would vanish, and the government might aid religion or not as it pleased. In the other case, if it aids one it must in strict justice aid all.'

I gave as a reason against aiding religion in any case, that it must have the

effect of binding opinion and prohibiting progress, for that there can be no greater obstacle to Truth than religious endowments.

Mr Travers thought that if the parties attempted to settle all points about their future government before embarking, they would probably never emigrate at all. He added, that he took more interest in questions of this kind since under the forthcoming new Constitution they promised to become practical ones, and he should like to know how the American system of secret voting had struck me.

I said that I had only seen it in operation in California before there had been any registration of voters, and that the result of the elections there showed that there were very many more votes than voters; for any man could go and deposit his paper in the ballot-box over and over again. In fact, men went riding in bands

all over the country voting at every polling-place they came to. No one dreamt of making a secret of his politics, for no one was afraid of anybody out there. How it might be in the old and more settled States I did not know, but from what I could gather from the expressions and demeanour of the people, it seemed to me as if the Ballot had destroyed the necessity for the Ballot. It had made it of no use to try coercion or intimidation, because no one could be quite certain how any one had voted, and the consequence was that the very idea of compulsion had so died out that Americans made no secret of how they voted.

Mr Travers said he quite hated the idea of performing a public duty in stealth and secrecy, as if men were ashamed of what they were doing.

I said that to me the Ballot was like correcting one fault by another; and that

however much one should detest secret voting in public matters, one should still more detest the state of things which made the voter desire such protection. It was not the Ballot, but the need of the Ballot, that was to me such an odious proof of the low state of the public ideas of right and justice. It is a monstrous grievance that tradesmen and workmen should be intimidated by their customers and employers into voting, or abstaining from voting, contrary to their opinions; and if the law gave votes to persons who could not afford to exercise them independently, the least the law could do was to give them protection in the exercise of their right.

Mr Travers thought the cure might be worse than the disease, and that people who were such cowards as to be intimidated out of a right did not deserve consideration.

I said that if I was right in supposing that in America the Ballot had destroyed the necessity for the Ballot, it had acted like a wholesome tonic and given the constitution strength to do without it.

Miss Travers, who had been listening in silence all the while, asked why people should not have their choice of voting openly or secretly as they pleased. And we all agreed that it would be a proud day for a constituency when it could throw off the Ballot and say there was no longer any necessity for it in that district. It would be like throwing away a crutch or a swimming-belt as no longer needed because one could now go without it.

Whereupon Mr Travers exclaimed, 'Then make it penal, and inflict secret voting upon every constituency in which there has been bribery, intimidation, or rioting. Let these, if you will, be disgraced by losing the privilege of regis-

tering their opinions openly before the world.'

I added that it would be a curious experiment to have half the members elected by secret and half by open voting, in order to see what difference it made in the kind of men returned; and then the conversation turned to the subject of persecution for opinion's sake in general, in which I somewhat surprised Mr Travers by the strong description I gave of the misery that pervades most English families through religious dissensions.

The following is an attempt of Herbert's to note down a dialogue about the 'Selfish Theory' which some one started.

'I said that I thought that if we consulted our own inmost motives of action we should find the Selfish Theory of Morals a true one. It needs no proof that the greatest amount of happiness must be the aim of the universe and of every living

being in it, for by happiness we only mean the attainment of that which we desire to have. It is a low, and in the long run a self-defeating, form of selfishness that would secure happiness at the expense of others. The highest and best selfishness will find most intense satisfaction in the happiness of others, even though it involve self-denial. Self-consciousness is the first condition of intelligence, and from that all motives for action necessarily spring. Even theologians teach this when they describe the Deity as acting for his own glory. And they show that they partake of the growing civilization of humanity when they make God's glory to consist in the salvation, rather than the destruction, of the sinner. And so strong is the conviction becoming that the Divine happiness cannot be complete while any are hopelessly suffering, that the dogma of eternal punishment is fast losing ground even in

churches having it as part of their fixed creed. Real Christianity I understand to be but the apotheosis of self-sacrifice for the welfare of others; that is, Love.'

'And so you make out that Love and Selfishness are really one and the same thing,' exclaimed Mr Travers.

'I see now,' said Mary, 'exactly the meaning of the word you used one day, anthropomorphism. Men compound a Being of what they consider their own best qualities, and call it God, and this Being, or the idea of it, changes and advances with man's own development.'

'And then,' I said, 'they ascribe their possession of those qualities not to the intention of the Creator to fit them for certain conditions of being, but to his intention to make man like himself.'

'So that the Divine Being, as imagined by man, instead of having made man in his own image, may be said to be indebted

to man both for his attributes and for his very existence,' said Mary.

'And necessarily so, inasmuch as we have no faculty whereby we can transcend our faculties. We can comprehend nothing that lies entirely outside of our experience. Wherefore all our attempts to imagine the Infinite and the Absolute can only result in indefinite extensions of that which we ourselves are.'

'No matter then how far we may get, we can never really know God or truth. Well, there is scripture for that, and there is scripture against it,' observed Mr Travers, meditatively.

'I like so much,' said Mary, 'that line in "Festus," describing the soul's progress:

"For ever nearer, never near, to God."

Ever hoping, and striving, and attaining.
Always a higher and a better in view, however lofty the point already attained.'

'The upshot of your meaning,' said

Mr Travers, 'I take to be that men are to look within and not to something beyond themselves for their principles and guidance, both in public and private concerns. I am inclined to think that had you seen as much as I have of the old times in this country, you would be less hopeful of men coming to good when left to their own evil passions. Soon after I came here with my regiment I was sent up the country with a detachment to guard the prisoners who were making the great western road. Sir, it seemed to me as if I had got into hell where all were devils together. I dare not describe the condition either of the convicts or their overseers. No sight or sound was there of aught but murderous hatred, obscenity, and the rattling of chains. The very bullocks working in the teams would obey no word of command but the vilest oaths. I shall never forget one occasion when a waggon stuck fast,

and all the efforts of men and oxen were insufficient to move it. The leader of the gang at last came to me and said,

“ ‘Beg pardon, sir, but the fact is we can’t make the cattle pull while you are by.’ ”

“ ‘What on earth do you mean?’ ” I asked.

“ ‘Why, sir, they have been used to particular words which we shall be punished for using if they are overheard. If you will just ride on a bit, I’ll engage we’ll get the waggon out in a twinkling.’ ” He added with a grin that they would draw it as mild as they could. I rode on, but had not got out of hearing when the bush resounded with such awful volleys of blasphemy and filth, mingled with screechings of men, and crackling of their stock whips, as if the doors of hell’s torture chamber had been suddenly thrown open. I was fain to put spurs to my horse and my fingers in my

ears. They got the waggon out though. I never go along that road without thinking what fearful tales every rock and tree could tell of injustice, oppression, and reckless brutal cruelty. If the secret history of England's penal settlements was written, the world would shudder at the story of a worse reign of terror and irresponsibility than it has ever imagined or heard of. Thanks to Heaven for this gold discovery, and the thousands of strangers it brings here, who will soon swamp the old state of things, and make it as a forgotten nightmare.'

'You said "injustice." Do you mean that the prisoners were innocent men, and did not deserve their punishment?'

'I defy any man to be so guilty as to deserve the punishment he got here. It was one life-long torture, until they lost every human quality, and became no better than furious maniacs.'

‘ But some, I understand, were assigned as servants to settlers in the country. Surely they and their lot were not so bad?’

‘ It all depended on the master they got. When I sold out and got a grant of land, I had several prisoners assigned to me. I take no credit for it; I merely acted to them as any one with the ordinary feelings of a gentleman would, and never was man better served. One day I was stopped by bush-rangers, and they were in the act of emptying my pockets, when one of them saw my name on a letter. “What, are you Captain Travers of Yarradale?” he said. “Yes I am,” I replied. “Jim,” said he to his companion, “put them things back. Beg your honour’s pardon; but you are a good master, and we don’t rob you.” That the masters did not all get off so well you may easily understand when you know that they were nearly all magistrates, and that though prohibited

from flogging their own servants, they had full liberty to flog each other's. The usual plan was to send the offender to the nearest neighbour, with a note requesting that so many lashes might be administered to the bearer. Injustice! Why the very first man who found gold in this country—it was years ago—was flogged on suspicion of having stolen a watch and melted it down and told a lie to account for the possession of the metal. Thank Heaven, I say, for the gold discovery, if for no other reason than that it will entirely swamp the old state of things. I dare say you have often heard the Sydney folk complain that society is broken up. As if the clique of government officials and military gaolers which formed our colonial society was worth a special effort to preserve it.'

'A state of rapid transition,' I observed, 'is no doubt always unpleasant, but the feeling that it is a transition to something

better ought to do much to reconcile them to the inconvenience.'

'No doubt, but society here was not quite free from some of that lower kind of selfishness which we were talking of just now. A transition to anything worse was impossible so far as the colony was concerned ; while it might not be so for themselves.'

'I don't quite see,' said Mary, 'how you make out your theory that men possess in themselves a sufficient basis of society, especially after the sort of men my father has shown us there are in the world.'

'It is no part of nature's method to conduct every germ to perfection,' I replied. 'One might almost as well make a selection of dead seeds, and expect to plant a flourishing garden with them, as look for the elements of self-preservation among such people as he has described. Unmitigated evil must destroy itself. Only that which ought not to live, which has not in it-

self the power of continuance and reproduction, dies out, and gives place to something better. In all life, vegetable or animal, physical or mental, the same law holds good. It is the law of the individual and also of society. Nature's solicitude is not for the individual. She reserves it all for the race. Yet after all there must have been some good left in men who would not rob a good master. And even the worst villains generally show that they have some appreciation of the bonds which hold men together. They act well towards each other, else even a gang of pirates could not exist. But they are in a state of warfare with the rest of mankind. Their own organization is complete as far as they themselves are concerned. They realize their own ideal of society.'

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSIONS.

IN the evening Mr Travers led to a renewal of the conversation by observing that it was a pity we had no person present to fight for the doctrine of special providences.

I said that ‘when they could bring one instance of disconnection between cause and effect it would be time enough to listen to them. The old practice of asserting that every event is miraculously caused, of which the real cause is unknown to us, is too illogical to be worth serious refutation.

To be able to predicate of anything that it is supernatural implies that we know the limits of nature. To predicate of anything that it proceeds directly from a Supreme Being involves a claim to an *a priori* knowledge of God, that is, to knowledge independent of experience. People doubt whether men's impulses are a sufficient bond of society, and bind traditions upon us, which traditions they deny to be mere results of previous experience. Our impulses, they say, may come from below. So may the traditions. How are we to know whether they are good or bad, save by their agreement with our own ideas of right ?'

'Do you remember,' asked Mary, 'that sentence of Emerson, "If I am the devil's child, I will live as from the devil. No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature." I was shocked by it when I first read it; but it seems plain that nothing

can act contrary to its nature, or complain that its nature is bad, without bringing a charge against the author of it.'

'See what an enormous field of thought you have opened ! To denounce anything as bad in the sight of God is clearly to pretend to know its final cause and the design of the Creator. It was only the other day I fell into conversation with a clergyman who has devoted himself to the task of regenerating the blacks. He said that they were proof to him of the Fall ; for that nothing but a curse could have sunk them so low.'

'And pray how did you account for it ?' asked Mr Travers.

'I did not attempt to account for it. I only remarked that I always felt, in reference to savage tribes, a difficulty in blaming them, because I had not yet quite succeeded in discovering the exact end they were intended to fulfil in the divine economy ;

but that it might be possible that wild men really had no other purpose than to occupy the earth in company with wild vegetation and wild animals, enjoying life in their own wild way, until the soil was wanted for races of greater capacity.'

'Well, and what said he to that?'

'Why, he seemed rather startled, and plunged into some hobble about "souls," out of which I made no attempt to extricate him. But it certainly is a snare we are all very liable to fall into, that of abusing things for not answering to God's idea, when it is only our idea of God's idea that they do not come up to.'

'Evil itself may be good, then,' said Mary; 'only we call it evil because we do not like it.'

'True, we exist under certain conditions of being. Whatever goes counter to those conditions gives us pain, and we call it evil; but to a being who is not

subject to conditions it may have no existence.'

'Nor good either?'

'And therefore our own nature is our only law.'

'There,' said Mr Travers, 'I think among us we have pretty well dissected the map of the universe to-day. If Mr Ainslie wishes to make an early start to-morrow it is about time to think of bed. Can you reckon on your fingers, Mary, how many different subjects you have talked about?'

I said that everything seemed so connected that one insensibly led to another. Once get hold of the right end of the clue, and we are conducted easily through the most intricate labyrinths.

'And that end is—'

'The nearest. Sound knowledge is like the hard-wood trees in your bush, exogenous—growing from within outwards.

Each season's experience adds a ring, so long as the heart remains firm and sound. All their nourishment, however, comes from without. I understand that a new school of philosophy has appeared in Europe, claiming the title of 'Positive.' It is in direct opposition to the old speculative method of investigation, which passes by the near and plunges into the farthest remote; and thence returns, if it ever does return, to the near. The Positive method starts from the first universal fact of which we have cognizance,—our own consciousness; and gradually arranges in harmonious order the facts accumulated by experience, without theorizing upon them, and asserting that they ought to be otherwise.

The speculative method, on the other hand, commences by scaling heaven, and asserting that, God being so-and-so, everything else must be so-and-so to correspond. The Positive philosopher, as I comprehend

him, seeks to reach the Creator through the mediation of his works, presuming neither to guess at nor to judge either. The speculative, on the contrary, frames a certain ideal of what he deems perfection, and straightway condemns the whole work as defective, because it does not agree with what he thinks must be the Divine intention.'

'But is not that very much the difference between what is called induction and deduction?' asked Mary.

'Yes, the Positivist does not claim to have invented a new method of reasoning, but only to be the first to apply to all subjects, mental, social, and theological, the method which has hitherto been confined to physical science.'

'I sometimes think that we women are most given to the deductive mode of reasoning.'

'Or perhaps,' I said, laughing, 'of not

reasoning, but rather of jumping from a little knowledge to remote conclusions, which, to be sure, is the very meaning of deduction. The keener your sympathies, or sense of harmony, the fewer mistakes you make.'

'But even the greatest speculators,' said Mr Travers, 'must have some knowledge to go upon, or how could they guess at all?'

'But instead of stopping to examine carefully that little, they use it only as a stand from which to take flight into the infinite. Thus all theology is but a hasty generalisation from the one fact of the existence of evil.'

'How so?'

'A man of a theological turn of mind feels a pain. Instead of investigating his own constitution, and the conditions of health of the violation of which the pain is a symptom, and recognizing the appointed

order of things, and the ignorance he has shown in disobeying it, he argues thus: Pain is an evil thing. The best condition I can imagine is one that is free from the evil of pain. God, being the best of beings, cannot be the cause of evil ; therefore evil must have some origin independent of God.'

'But do not the positive gentlemen limit the power of the Almighty in denying that He can impart knowledge to us directly ?' asked Mr Travers.

'By no means. They only hold that we are so constructed as to be incapable of obtaining any knowledge except by means of experience, or impressions made upon our minds.'

'But impressions may be made upon our minds by God Himself, as well as by the things he has made ?'

'True. But how are we to know which of our impressions come directly from God,

unless we have some previous knowledge of Him ; that is, knowledge prior to experience ; that is, impressions prior to impressions ?’

‘ Are there no such things then as innate ideas ?’ said Mary.

‘ Even if there were, they would only be impressions received previous to birth, in some former state of existence. And the mere fact of our having them would not prove their divinity. They might still be impulses from below.’

‘ I see,’ said Mr Travers, ‘ we must still fall back upon our experience of good and bad in order to judge even revelation itself. We won’t talk any more now. It is getting so late, and I like to keep an idea when I have got it. You have made some things plainer to me than all the hearsay teachers could do. If this is the result of thinking in the forest, I shall recommend students to burn their books, and

go into the backwoods instead of the University we are to have.'

'Oh, you must not do that,' said Mary, 'Herbert was at Cambridge before he went into the forest. Had his mind been vacant he would have had nothing to think about.'

'True,' said her father, 'a man must eat his dinner before he can digest it. Young men get pretty well crammed with knowledge at the University, but I fear they don't often digest it afterwards.'

Here Herbert adds this note: 'I am indebted to Mary for this report of our long interlocution. Her diary contained a far better account of it than I had been able to produce.'

CHAPTER XI.

ON DUTY.

Soon after his return to the gold fields Herbert writes thus to Arnold :—

I find but little to say about the principal portion of my time, which is passed in the mines. My duty brings me much into contact with the diggers, and I am often amused at their expressions of astonishment at my knowing more of their business than themselves; for I have not thought it necessary to acquaint them with the sources of my knowledge. One man, the foreman of a large party, came to deposit

their gold with me. There happened to be some colonial wine on the table, so I gave him a glass. Whereupon, his tongue being loosened, he said with much embarrassment of manner, 'Please, sir, may I make bold to ask if you be a new chum or an old hand in the colony? for I and my mates had a regular argument about it, after you had set our sluice different, and showed us how to save the fine gold. Says one, "He'll get spoilt like the rest, when he's been long enough in the country." I dare say you know, sir, that the government gentlemen are a bit high-handed with us poor working men. "Well," says I, "if he's but just come to the colony, how does he know enough to teach us?" "P'raps he's been in the South Americay or Californy diggins." "He in Californy!" cries big Bob. (Your honour knows big Bob, who went over and was nigh getting hung by the lynch lawyers for letting out

he was a Sydney duck.) “No, no,” he says, “none of his sort could live there. Why none of you ever seed him the worse for grog. He’s not been in Californy, I’ll warrant.”’

‘Well, and how did you settle it among you?’ I asked.

‘Why, your honour, we didn’t settle it at all; and I thought your honour wouldn’t eat me if I made bold to ax.’

‘Did you ever hear of such a thing as common sense?’

‘Surelie, your honour!’

‘Well, common sense taught me that as I should like people to behave to me, so I should behave to them; and common sense taught me that by putting the last box of the sluice nearly level, and covering the bottom of it with large stones, just as the bed of the river is, the finest gold would sink into the crevices, and be kept from being washed away.’

He looked somewhat incredulous, and went away, saying, ‘ Well, if that be common sense, a lot of people I knows of has a precious deal of uncommon sense.’

It is a new sensation to me, this being in receipt of a regular income for regular work. Could I resign myself to giving up all hope of going home again, and to being a government officer all my life, this absence of all anxiety about the means of living would be a positive enjoyment ; but the pay only enables one to live, not to save. Sickness, for any length of time, would mean starvation ; and even with health, it involves a degree of slavery ; for what else is it, to be compelled to remain always at work, without the power of visiting any part of the world one pleases ? That is my idea of the Millennium, which a witty friend of mine supposes to mean a thousand a year for everybody. Fortunately, most people do not feel their chains,

or are content to do their travelling in books. I do not think that, as far as money-making is concerned, my time here has been wasted ; for in my visits to different stations I have gained knowledge that may be turned to good account as soon as an opportunity offers for investing what money I have. I decidedly lean towards sheep. Properly managed, and on a good run, they pay prodigiously—sometimes as much as forty per cent.; but there are several risks to be encountered, especially if one cannot superintend in person. My present idea is to buy sheep and entrust them to some Squatter whose run is not fully stocked ; sharing the profits with him, and retaining my appointment. The plan is not an uncommon one ; but it is necessary to be careful in selecting an honest and competent partner, and a healthy district. For so great is the difference in soil and grasses that a man is

ruined in one place while another makes his fortune a few miles off.

My visits to Sydney are a most delightful change from the mines. Many friendly houses there are always open to me; but I fear I rather neglect all for my friends in the little bay. I have before mentioned Mr and Miss Travers to you. They are greatly respected, but have lived almost in seclusion for several years, since the mother's death; yet they are anything but unsociable. I observe a considerable change of late in the father. He seems to be throwing off a sort of moody love of solitude, and joins in our talks with considerable shrewdness and clearness of thought. There is something in his character that strikes me as very fine. Under favourable circumstances he could be a hero. What he most of all impresses me with is an unlimited confidence in his judgment. I long to ask his advice about pur-

chasing sheep ; but beyond acquainting him generally with my history, my circumstances have never been touched on between us, and I fear to dissipate the fine, delicate flavour of our mutual regard by introducing the least element of money.

To form an idea of Miss Travers, you must do as I have done lately, read Shakspeare again. As I renewed my acquaintance with Miranda, Viola, Beatrice, and Cordelia, each character assumed her form, as if she had been in each case the bard's original. Gaze upon her from whatever aspect one may, the combination of innocence, truth, nobleness, intellect, and devotion, appears so perfect and harmonious that every other woman seems to be of an altogether smaller and poorer nature. I can fancy her in turn Madonna and Magdalen, in infinite purity capable of sacrificing all to love. A Martha, too, as well as a Mary ; only serving much without

seeming to be troubled about it. In short, the more I see of this remarkable girl—and yet the word ‘remarkable’ conveys a false idea, for it generally implies some distinguishable peculiarity which is really a violation of proportion. She is rather to be compared to my old favourite chapel at King’s, whose whole wondrous beauty, in the absence of any too prominent feature which can be taken in at once, dawns only gradually upon the mind. Epithets cannot describe her. She is the quality itself. Not beautiful, but Beauty; not religious, but Religion.

Most things seem intended by nature to be seen at certain focal distances. A too close view discovers coarseness and disproportion. At a too distant one it dwindles to insignificance. Only from one distance and aspect do they appear at their best. Mary Travers is an exception to all such limitations. At all distances she is

in perfect focus. From all points of view she looks her best. Like her namesake in the beautiful old song—

‘She’s like the keystone to an arch,
That consummates all beauty.
She’s like the music to a march,
That sheds a joy on duty.’

But I must not prolong this letter. If these friends of mine carry out their design of visiting Europe next year, I shall feel more lonely in Australia than I have felt since I left England; not excepting the dismal time that followed the poor Major’s death in California. It is not unlikely that I may vary my occupations shortly by writing in the newspapers on behalf of the University about to be founded in Sydney. Miss Travers is a warm patriot, and has communicated her interest in the matter to me.

CHAPTER XII.

INFLUENCE.

My first article on the proposed University appeared in the — newspaper to-day. I rode over to Bondi to show it to Miss Travers. How amply she repays the slightest thing esteemed a service, and done for her. It contains little more than a simple enunciation of the first principles of human association. After reading it she said,

‘How strange! Those few sentences make me wonder how I could ever have had a moment’s perplexity. They take

me out of the noise and confusion of the contest, and put me in the position of a by-stander, able to overlook everything, and to form a dispassionate judgment.'

I said I thought it one of the greatest mistakes of public men that they do not live enough alone, and apart from the affairs and the people with which they are engaged, so as to be able to look at their own career from a distance. A man ought to try to be his own by-stander and posterity, and see himself as they will see him.

She said, 'It must be very difficult to avoid being so entirely engrossed by party-feelings and interests as to lose the very capacity for taking a comprehensive survey of things. But that she thought it was not so much a view of himself and of his part in the work that a man needed, as of the ideal or standard which originally prompted him to action. That, indeed,

might become lowered or obscured, and require renovating by a process of earnest contemplation. Whereas to be thinking about himself and what other people might think of him, could only lead a man either to vanity or to disgust.'

I told her she had expressed my meaning far better than I had done, and she added,

'You do not disapprove of anonymous writing, I see. I fancied it would have had your name to it.'

I told her that 'if it had been anything of a personal nature imposing any responsibility, or requiring to be verified by authority, or in any way depending for its value on the writer's character, the name would of course be indispensable. But where the statement appeals for evidence of its truth to the inmost conscience and reason of every man, what matters it where the appeal comes from? I should as soon

have thought of the solution of a problem in geometry requiring authentication by a signature, as that paper. No, if a statement be indeed a gleam of light Divine from the fountain-head of eternal right, let it come home to every man as a voice from God himself, with no weakening admixture of human authority. Truth is only true when impersonal. Add a name and it becomes only somebody's opinion.'

She said she 'fancied a woman's opinions were always more or less personal. She often skipped things because they were only so and so's, or read them because they were by some one else.'

'Yes, and if I were well enough known in the colony, and wrote in my own name, heaps of people would skip the article as being only mine.'

'Perhaps more would pay attention to it for that very reason.'

'Even thus an evil would arise. Con-

clusions, which ought to be the result of conviction, would be accepted upon the authority of an individual.'

'If all showed the same self-abnegation, there would be no great names in literature. I like my friend, too, to have the credit of his work.'

'Well, when I am no longer in a subordinate position and have written enough, I may republish them with my name.'

'Do you consider the circumstance of your being under government one reason for withholding your name now?'

'Yes: I am expected to devote all my energies to carrying out their instructions, without trying to instruct my superiors.'

But I will try and recall the conversation which led to my taking up the cause of the Sydney University. It was in answer to Miss Travers saying that my only objects in life seemed to be independence and self-culture, that I told her 'that I

hope to get into a position which will enable me to return to England and be useful there. That at present my heart is set upon doing something towards freeing my countrymen from the grievous superstitions that embittered my own early life. No doubt many would call the grievance to which I refer, a merely sentimental one, and affecting only weak, credulous minds. However that may be, it is one which brings acute misery into three-fourths of British families of the better class, whose youth are subjected to having their religious sensibilities excited till they become morbid almost to madness. For them everything that God has made is tainted with a miserable spirit of detraction. The world, its pleasures and beauties, they are taught to regard as foul and degraded, and temptations only of the evil one. From earliest childhood they are impressed with the agonizing belief

that they are ever suspended as by a thread over the abyss of hell, whence nought that they can do serves one jot to rescue them, and that God himself is powerless to do so, seeing that their destiny has been ordained from everlasting. Never can I forget or forgive the misery of my own childhood, vividly impressed as I was by the ever-present terror, of which we were even taught to sing in church by way of praising God,—

“ A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes us to the heavenly place,
Or shuts us up in hell.”

I believe, too, that the most serious obstacles to any radical improvement in the terrible condition of the poorest of our classes is to be found in these doctrines.’

She said she ‘ should have thought such evils must be owing to some prior cause, such as the generally low level of the popu-

lar mind; and that the best way to do any good is not so much by attacking any particular manifestation of the evil, as by improving the general tone of feeling, of the low state of which these evils are only symptoms.'

'No doubt,' I said; 'but it seems to me hopeless to excite to activity those who are so heavily fettered as to be actually unable to stir. My plan is to first remove some of the heaviest chains, and so put the captives in a position to help themselves.'

She said that she was no lover of the popular theology, but yet was at a loss to see how it operated so perniciously.

'In this way,' I answered. 'It is the apotheosis of selfishness and caprice. It indeed admits that God has sacrificed Himself to save sinners, but it represents Him as first making those sinners and then limiting the benefit of the sacrifice to a small number of them. Its arguments in

favour of moral excellence are all of a low prudential character. As it represents God as doing everything, even to damning almost the whole human race, with a view to "His own glory;" so it urges man not to do what is right in itself without regard to consequences, but to act solely with a view to saving his own soul. Calvinism is also fatalism, and that of an appalling, a crushing kind. The constant contemplation of hell makes the evils of this life small by comparison, and the very belief in heaven is turned into a curse by making people careless about the removal of misery on earth. In short, the whole theory of life is perverted by the notion of the fall of man. For the belief that disease and misfortune are inherent and inevitable induces the belief that to seek to remove them altogether is to disobey the divine command. A verse in Genesis is a sufficient argument against

the mitigation of suffering; and the observation that the poor shall never cease out of the land, justifies their indolent acquiescence in a state of society that perpetuates the horrors of pauperism.

‘I cannot help thinking that if people were less certain of a happy hereafter for themselves they would be more careful to pass happier lives here; and if they were less certain of future misery for the vast majority, they would not excuse themselves from improving their condition on the plea that misery is the penalty of sin, and that they deserve all they get of it. But without having lived in what is called the religious world in England or Scotland, it is impossible for you to imagine the extent and intensity of the evil I would aid in removing.

‘Starting with the assumption of total depravity, Calvinism repudiates nature and seeks to suppress individuality. Its per-

fection consists in absorption in the Deity by means of spiritual contemplation ; a state that is so utterly unadapted to this world, that a person is unfitted for the duties of life exactly in proportion to his success in attaining it. Whatever breaks the chain of his mental abstraction destroys the communion between him and his God. Hence every detail of life that requires attention or confers pleasure, is accounted "a snare." Holiness is a trance, and sin is the awakening. The entrance of knowledge, or consciousness, is the introduction of evil. I will give you an illustration. In my youth I was warned against my love of music. It was a snare that my saintly adviser was thankful that he was spared, for he could rejoice that he did not know one tune from another. I, of course, replied that if our senses were so many snares, the deaf, dumb, and blind had much to be thankful for. They were saved

many temptations, and would doubtless become still more perfect were their consciousness altogether annihilated.'

'Such a person,' observed Mary, 'has not only one sense and one means of enjoyment and instruction the less; but he surely loses one field of exercise for his virtue, and a means of probation in his proper use of the faculty. He has consequently a smaller reward for his right use of it.'

To her question as to how I would go to work, I said 'that it is my ambition to write a book which shall strike away the foundation of all these superstitions. That my own experience may be useful if I can recall and describe its various steps, for that I myself had been, Achilles-like, plunged into the Stygian pool, and also had one small spot left vulnerable to truth. Some such title as "The Way Out" would

indicate the method and purpose of the book.'

She asked for whom such a book would be designed: whether for the young or the old, for scholars or for ordinary folks: because it was a serious responsibility to attack the faith of a nation, and undermine the principles of domestic religion and morality. She knew I was not one who, under the guise of mere harmless amusement, would seek to influence the young contrary to the wishes of their natural guides. And yet if the book carried its purpose on the face of it, it would be so effectually banned as to fail entirely of its end.

I thanked her for the suggestion of these considerations, as it would prevent me from doing blindly what I might afterwards regret; and added that 'at present it seems to me that, like any other kind of artist,

all I have to do is to create the truest, highest, and most needed work I can imagine, and leave it to find its own audience, and speak its own message, without troubling myself about possible results. Such is the course dictated by the highest faith. My father once sent me, when a boy, with a sermon to somebody's house, and was so particular in charging me not to leave it at the wrong door that I was tempted to ask if he was afraid of its converting the wrong person and saving the wrong soul.

‘If asked for whom did Shakespeare write, or for whom was the Bible written, what could objectors reply when both contain so much that is unsuited for universal reading ?

‘It is probably with human creations, with ideas, books, pictures, and statues, as well as all instruments of mechanical use, as with the productions of nature. Not flowers and trees only, but the most deadly

poisons, all have their purpose, and at length find their place in the general economy. Parents will not allow their children to have access to what they deem noxious books more than to other noxious things. A book, if not stillborn, will soon speak for itself, and it is not for the author to say who shall, or who shall not, read what he has written. As for attacking people's faith, that is only what every missionary does, and it can scarcely be objected to on that score by those who support missions. So mine shall be a missionary book. For I doubt if it be a greater responsibility to deny than to affirm the truth of any belief. And, after all, "shaking a person's faith" is only the ecclesiastical synonyme for affording such additional information upon religious subjects as will induce a change of opinion. I don't know if I shall be able to do it, but I am anxious to describe not results merely but processes

of thought; to lay down steps by which others may follow.'

'Steps, whence and whither?' she asked musingly.

'The first,' I said, 'is easily stated. It shall be the autobiography of a soul's progress from Calvinism to—towards Christianity I might say if people were agreed in identifying it with the highest development of which our nature is capable. It is in the spirit of Christ, as I imagine the perfectest man, that I would attack the religion of the Evangelical.'

'His spirit being love,' said Mary, 'what is the essence of the party you would denounce?'

'Selfishness of the basest kind, and abject fear.'

'Then let "perfect love casteth out fear" be your text, and, "from Fear to Love" your title. Yet,' she added hesitatingly, 'I cannot help likening an attack upon people's

religion to an attack upon their friends, for most people do look upon their religion as an old friend, and resent any slight accordingly.'

I answered, 'that if people only dealt by their religion as they do by their friends, they would find no antagonist in me. No one dreams of vaunting his friends over all the rest of the world's, and calling on mankind to abandon theirs for his. We love our friends too well to expose them to criticism in that way. And so if they only said of their religion "it suits us and we love it," it would be wanton cruelty to meddle with it. But it is only accepting a boasting challenge to scrutinize claims to infallibility and superiority over all others, accompanied as it is by furious denunciations against all who refuse to acknowledge its incomparable merits. But it is no feeling of that kind that so strongly prompts me. Knowing, as I have too good

reason to know, the fearful amount of mental suffering, especially among the young, that is caused by their religion, it is only common humanity to show them a way of escape, even as I myself have escaped. And I should like to take for my motto that sentence of St Paul's, "Now is our salvation nearer *than when* we believed!" In short, my aim should be to elevate men by raising before them an ideal that should draw all unto it.'

To her inquiry whether there are any parties in the Church operating to counteract the evil influence of the Evangelical, I replied that of the two other schools, one indeed might be accepted as a promise of better things, but that at present popular prejudice has branded it with the term Neologian on account of its sympathy with the broad German school of thought; and the other, commonly called the Oxford School, bids fair to do more harm than

good, by its plan of riveting upon mere Mythologic sentimentalities and church formulas those regards which with the Evangelicals are devoted to spiritual abstractions.

She thought for a while, and then said,

‘ But whatever the task you have set yourself on returning home, surely you would gain more power for its achievement by a more systematic mode of exercising your mind than you at present have. You cannot think us so perfect here that there is no opportunity for you to begin to turn your talents as a reformer to account. You appear to me to be making a foray over the globe, gathering here and there your harvest of the Useful and the True, to carry it all away to your own home at the ends of the earth, leaving us poor colonists doubly poor : dropping no single grain of all your garnered wealth of thought to take root and fructify among us. Besides, is it

not a mistake in reference to yourself and your work? A student and a dreamer here, you will hardly become a successful doer there.'

I wish I could paint her as she looked when speaking these words; the nobleness of her whole aspect, and the moisture gathering in her eyes for very earnestness, showed how deeply she felt what she said. I begged her to tell me all her thought.

'I, as an Australian,' she said, 'am as deeply interested in the welfare of my country as you are in that of England. Few questions seem to me more important to us than that of the new University, which is still being so fiercely agitated.'

'And which side do you take?' I inquired.

'I am in perplexity between the two parties. I feel that there ought to be an University, but I cannot determine the

principle of its formation. I suppose what you call my native religiousness induces me to side with the clerical party; while my sense of justice to all compels me to lean towards a purely secular institution.'

'Government is neither a schoolmaster nor a parent. What, then, has it to do with establishing an University, which is only a higher sort of school?'

'But Mr Macaulay says that the right to punish confers the right to teach.'

'If the right to punish offences,' I said, 'implies the right to prevent them, it implies the right to devise and enforce all possible restrictions, in every detail and situation in life, until the citizen is deprived of all freedom and independence of thought and action. For, the principle once infringed, who is to say where the line is to be drawn? Besides, Universities are not generally intended for the criminal classes.'

‘In this country,’ she said, ‘we always expect the government to meet us half way. However willing the people may be to found any public institution, unless the government comes forward nothing is done. It is settled that we are to have the University, so the question only remains as I have told you.’

‘You are deeply interested in it?’

‘O yes. I think of the glorious old foundations of the fatherland, with their rolls of great names and high examples; and I long for some such elevating influences here, to raise men from their mad absorbing race after wealth; to teach them that there is something in the world better than money. So may be created a soul under the ribs of the golden death that is coming upon us.’

I remarked, that the government being no pope, claiming infallibility, it was difficult to see how it could rightly take cogni-

zance of theological opinions; and promised to think over the subject, and do what seemed practicable.

The following note seems to have been suggested by a recent conversation.

A good deal of confusion in metaphysics is caused by the double, or rather treble, use of the word 'selfishness.' Inasmuch as all our emotions have their root in ourselves, selfishness prompts every feeling and action. It is the source alike of all good and of all evil, in the moral as well as in the physical world. But for the good side of selfishness we have the term sympathy, while for the bad only the term selfishness.

Miss Travers wonders at my seeking to analyze feeling. Perhaps it is because my anti-theological prejudices make me anxious to disprove the existence of any such thing as merit. I suspect that the charm of the Calvinistic theory consists, for most men,

in its exaltation of will over right and reason. It is specially adapted to those dispositions in which the desire to do as they like prevails over their regard to the wishes of others. The more highly developed the sympathetic portion of our nature, that portion which enables one to put himself in the place of another, the less Calvinistic do we become. That creed flourishes best in northerly, bracing climates; as if the will became too relaxed in the tropics. As man is, so he fancies deity to be. Probably I am myself constitutionally anti-Calvinistic. I like the golden rule of acting by others as I wish them to act by me, and cannot imagine any equitable being, human or divine, ignoring it.

CHAPTER XIII.

EFFECTS.

HERBERT soon became deeply interested in the University question. The struggle between the sectarian partisans and the advocates of unbiassed thought was already long and bitter. The former outnumbered their opponents, but were weakened by their own divisions. The latter were few but compact. The absurdity of an University directly teaching several different sets of theological opinions was felt even by those who could not, or would not, acknowledge that it was equally absurd for the

same government to subsidise them all. While, therefore, the religious parties would not suffer any one of themselves to be selected for exclusive patronage, they loudly protested against the establishment of a creedless University. So far as they were concerned the dilemma was invincible, and an University impossible. Happily for the project there were some who saw the evil of all State interference with religious opinions, and who were resolved to do their utmost to prevent its perpetuation in a new guise. These demanded that the University should be one in reality and not in name only, giving a right of studentship founded on no sectarian profession, but open to all, without question as to faith or dogma. No need to tell Englishmen of the stir that rose among the vested interests; of the bitter hostility and denunciations of 'godless,' 'infidel,' and the

like; or how chief priests and Pharisees banded themselves together, as of old, against the True and the Holy, again to rend the seamless garment of God; or rather, for it has long been in tatters, to perpetuate in that new world the impossibility of repairing it.

Herbert did not long deliberate. He has wandered long in the wilderness of thought, and now he has reached the longed-for land of action. The contest he perceived to be, not of persons and names, but of principles. He believes in the rectitude of the popular instinct, when unbiassed by immediate personal considerations. Let once the standard of Truth and Justice be lifted up before the people, and all whose allegiance is not vowed to other masters will flock to it.

And now is heard a new voice from the desert, rising high above the din of the

fray. The gauntlet of defiance flung anew to that modern form of bigotry called 'Tolerance' none dare pick up.

'Two souls meet in God's universe, and one says to the other, "I tolerate you. I permit you to exist. I also permit the Almighty to receive the homage of your heart." This is Tolerance.' And none, there at least, show themselves bold enough to deny the right of all men to worship God as they think best, or the right of the universal Father to accept the homage of His children, be it offered in whatever form their affection may prompt.

The charge of atheism he retorts upon those who bring it. 'You, without knowing it, are the real atheists. Your finality banishes God from the future, as your creeds banish Him from the present. For what is a creed but man's view of truth at the time it is drawn up,—a mark to denote the height of the flood of the Divine pre-

sence? To enforce any creed is to arrest progress, to forbid the revelation of more truth, or the further development of that which we have. If truth be the revelation of God to the human soul, to fix belief is to prohibit God from all further revelation of Himself.'

Again, 'A true Church has no creed. Endow thought, if ye will. Truth is infinite as the universe, and eternal as God; but oh, endow not opinions, which are only those of men. Let your posterity, at least, not have this burden thrust upon them, of contending with men who have a vested interest in maintaining, not what is right, not what is true, but only what exists.'

Enforced by such appeals in newspaper and in pamphlet, the cause of freedom at length won the day, and the Sydney University was established on a basis broad as Truth itself, and capable of enduring to all time. And the sectarians consoled

themselves with the prospect of being permitted to have their own exclusive colleges, which, being affiliated to the University, might perchance in time come to overshadow and stifle it with their noxious growth.

BOOK VII.

' We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell :
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.'

TENNYSON, ' In Memoriam.'

CHAPTER I.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

My father said to me this morning,

‘Here, Mary, is a letter from your friend. Tell me what you think of it.’

‘Oh I am so glad,’ I said, ‘I have long thought he wished to consult you, but he is so averse to troubling his friends about money matters. So I showed him a passage in “Emerson,” saying that real friendships are solid things and not to be treated daintily.’

‘I am afraid,’ said my father, ‘that he

is altogether too delicate in his ideas to do much in this country.'

'The more reason why his friends should help him, is it not, dear father?'

'What do you think of his accepting that offer and turning his money into sheep, and putting them with the person he mentions?'

'I think—I think'—and here I stopped, puzzled by my father's manner. 'Is there any need for him to go to strangers at all? I have heard you say that your runs are not crowded. Why should he not put his sheep upon them? of course, I mean, in a regular business way. He would not accept it in any other.'

My father said he had been rather reducing his operations of late in order to be free to take me to Europe; and added, 'By the by I have not heard you talk about it lately so much as you used to do.'

I said that when a thing was once

settled I was content to wait patiently for its fulfilment; and added, that I should be very glad if he could be of any service to Herbert. We had some more conversation, in the course of which my father expressed great regard for Herbert and said he would think about it. But I could not get out of my mind his remark that I have shown less anxiety than formerly to go to Europe. I believe it is quite true. I do not care now to visit all the scenes which I have so long loved to read about and imagine. It seems now to me as if, amid the galleries of the Vatican and the Pitti, and the glories of Naples and Venice, I should feel the want of something—of some one—yes, I will not shrink from writing the whole truth:—I do not care to see anything of beauty in Nature or Art without Herbert to enjoy it with me; to tell me all its meaning and the thoughts it suggests to him. Dear Herbert, he little knows how much I

prize his friendship. I fear I have seemed very cold and even ungrateful to him, when I owe him so much for the pains he has taken to develope and enrich my mind with his own carefully-gathered stores of thought. His disposition is but ill suited for the rough, solitary life he is leading. Yet how bravely he bears it, and makes the best of everything; concealing his suffering, which must have been long and acute. He must have suffered, or he could not have thought so deeply. That observation upon repentance,—when I said I wished everybody to know how well he worked for the freedom of the University,—laid open a whole world of dearly-bought experience. I wish I had always made a point of writing down our conversations, or at least his part in them. I should have had quite a collection of ‘guesses at truth,’ yet not guesses, but rather glimpses, for his

conclusions always seem to appeal so plainly to the fundamental principles of our nature, that they are the result of seeing rather than of guessing. It never occurred to me before that people could repent of their good deeds, as well as of their bad ones. Yet it is certainly true that as one may scale a dizzy height, or perform any dangerous exploit, under the sustaining influence of excitement, and afterwards in cold blood shudder at the recollection, so people may be worked up to perform actions far above themselves, and when they return to the ordinary level of their nature, repent of the achievements of their exalted feelings, and shrink from a repetition of them. I trust this will not be the case with the new University. Yet Herbert spoke but despondingly of its prospects when he said that the enmity of its opponents will probably reappear with greater

effect when the flood of high feeling that led to its establishment shall have subsided.

How admirable is his definition of the right kind of repentance; the recognition of a higher ideal, or perception of the contrast between our actual and our possible. While the strength of our regret for misdeeds must be in proportion to our consciousness of power to have acted otherwise, and of the mischief which they have caused.

I so much like these verses he has sent me on Miss ——'s refusal of our colonial bard Mr ——. I did not notice on the first reading that they are not in rhyme. Herbert has idealized the gentleman in question. Probably if he had known him he would hardly have attained such an inspiration. I did not know before that he was himself a poet. Yet I am not the least

surprised. Of course he is a poet; and these verses might with infinitely more truth be written of himself—except—except that I don't think Miss —— would have rejected him, but neither do I think he would have asked her.

THE POET'S REPRISALS.

To ——

' They call thee rich ; but I am wealthier far
Than earth-born fancy e'er can guess or dream ;
For I am dowered with the Universe,
With glorious hopes and aspirations bright,
Such as I ne'er would yield for other gains :
And what hast thou ?

' Fed by the teeming stars, the bounteous earth,
The wingèd winds, and all things beautiful,
My affluent soul, filled with celestial fire,
Can make mankind its debtor, pouring out
Rich thoughts like sunbeams o'er the darkened
world :
And what canst thou ?

' Hast jewels, gold, domains, and palaces ?
Can jewels make thy soul more beautiful ?
Canst buy with gold a moment's real delight ?

Canst drink in rapture from thy fair domains ?
 Or welcome death amid thy stately halls ?
 Then why this vaunt ?

‘ I’ve jewels that cost nought, and are all joy :
 Each dewdrop trembling on a leafy spray,
 Lit by the morning sun, a diamond is ;
 And each bright star that gems the nightly sky
 Doth lend a ray of beauty to my soul :
 What more can thine ?

‘ All nature spread around is my domain ;
 Mine own peculiar park through which I pass,
 To cull rich thoughts from her redundant breast,
 Hold converse grave with dark mysterious woods,
 And gaily banter with the fluttering winds :
 Thus all are mine,

‘ Where flowers grow, sun shines, and trees make
 shade,
 Where waters flow, rains fall, and winds refresh ;
 Green earth, blue sky, and ever-changing sea,
 And the grand rolling music of the clouds ;
 I have a right in all I ne’er would yield
 For ten times thine.

‘ Hast thou a heart to enter poor men’s cots,
 And charm away the tear of wretchedness ?
 To feed the starving and to win the base ?
 Thou may’st possess it, but gold bought it not.
 Perchance a word from me can more avail
 Than all thou hast.

' Methought thy soul was beautiful and high,
And fit to greet and company with mine :
One that would hail a teacher and a friend,
As well as lover, in life's pilgrimage.
But thou art right ! Thou art no mate for me,
So fare thee well.'

CHAPTER II.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

At a later date.

ONCE again on the shores of the blue Pacific; yet how different! though the air is delicious; though the waves lull me almost into sleep. The sun has set in crimson and yellow, but its glory is not all departed. The sky still glows with the gold and the rose, hope and love; while, higher yet, the azure, faith, broods calmly, eternally, over all. The sea is full of memories. Happily it has none that can disturb me. On this very rock I sat when he—when Herbert first came

to me unperceived, and noiselessly sat down at my feet. How strange I should have thought such an action in another! Yet it did not seem so in him. In what consists the charm of manner? I have heard him say that everything depends not on what one does, but on how one does it; not the action, but the manner of it. Every action, then, has a fitting mode, apart from which it cannot be judged. 'One may do anything provided it be done in the right manner.' A dangerous maxim, methinks, but probably meaning really that time, place, and proportion constitute grace; and that that which cannot be done gracefully had better be left undone. 'A time for all things,' as the proverb says.

But this journal of mine is not performing the task I require of it. It does not banish too active thought and restore my old quiet course of living. I used not

to long for his presence. I was very happy when he came, and not unhappy when he went away. Why is it painful to be alone now? I have tried music. That was agony. It fixed my thoughts and intensified them into a longing impossible to be endured. The only relief I have found is in drawing. That alone banishes memory, and fixes all thought on itself. In music my hands performed their task mechanically, and my mind was left to roam where it pleased. But that was not study: it was reverie. I must be ill. It cannot be to friendship that such peculiarities are attached. That was always delightfully calm and untroubled. I was content to know that somewhere in the world was a soul that answered to mine own, and to wait; knowing that when the time came we should meet, and respond to each other's thought. Is my trust less perfect than it was? I wonder why it is so long since

I have seen or heard from Herbert. Surely he is not one who forgets his friends, yet I fancied an unwonted shyness in his manner at the beginning of his last visit to us. But it soon vanished and he was his own hearty self again. I think that visit to — and meeting Mrs M. has helped to cause my present discomfort. How foolish and weak of me to be influenced by such a woman. Yet I never see her without hearing something that I had rather not have heard. She is not ill-natured in act. Yet, though she never does an unkind thing, she rarely says a kind one.

Among other things, Mrs M. scolded me for not going into what she called 'society.' She says it is a duty to do all one can to please 'society.' That nearly all the pleasures of life are derived from it, and it is ungrateful not to reciprocate its kindness. She added, that my aversion might be a great hindrance to me in life, because it is

‘society’ that provides husbands for young ladies. She was quite out of patience when I told her that none of my pleasures are derived from this same ‘society ;’ so that there can be no ingratitude in my neglecting it. On saying that I preferred one friend to all the acquaintances in the world, she replied, that one advantage of acquaintances is that there are so many more to choose one’s friends from. Possibly: but the annoyance of being with uncongenial people is a high price to pay for the remote chance of finding a friend. It was not in society I found Herbert. I am glad of that. Mrs M. means kindly. What an odd girl she must think me. Herbert says she is great fun, but hopes I shall never attain what he calls her keen sense of impropriety.

Of course people in general would not understand Herbert. Those paradoxical

utterances of his puzzle them. 'A gentlemanly young man, but of a sceptical turn of mind.' How astonished they were at the indignant way in which I declared that I knew no one else who had half so much religious faith and feeling. It must be the influence of people who are *antipathique* to me that has produced this change in me. I think one word, one glance from him would put all back in the pleasant old channel.

Is life so unreal? and does everything depend for its charm upon ourselves? My books, pictures, songs, nature itself has lost its glow. And I wander, seeking in vain for the old beauty.

I wonder if he knows the feeling. 'The absence of one kind voice; the light of one affectionate eye. Can men feel as we do?

They seem to pass through all with

unaltered brow, and kind polite mien. Yet we too can do this—do it when the heart is full to bursting.

They say woman's instinct never deceives her, save where she loves. How fatal an exception! There, on the wide sea on which her all of happiness is cast, to be left without even that frail guide.

I wonder if he is, as people think him, fickle, unsettled, in affection as well as in opinion; if it is his nature, even admitting a deeper feeling under all,

‘ When far from the lips that he loves,
To make love to the lips that are near.’

If so, I have dreamed indeed; but I will not, do not, believe it.

And yet he calls himself Optimist: meaning thereby not that he believes that things happen for the best, but that he endeavours to make the best of things.

That story of his life in the islands—was there more in it than he confessed?

And may there not be philosophy in thus taking life? No, a thousand times no; for it must incapacitate at last for what must be the highest, purest, and most rapturous of feelings, the *one* love, the one love still through youth and through age, through good and through ill.

But again, what the heart is incapable of feeling it cannot grieve for: and if ignorance is bliss—No, the capacity for that one love were well gained by self-denial, and its purity and intensity may well repay the weary longing of its sadder hours.

I will interpret my friend by my own best. I will believe in my instinct even where I love. Faith, Love, and Trust cannot be meted like aught less precious. They are light itself.

CHAPTER III.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

' Dec., 1853.

' To MISS TRAVERS,—

' It is a very great disappointment to me, dear friend, to be unable to accept your father's kind invitation to spend Christmas with you. My late increase of duty makes it impossible for me to be absent from the mines for more than three or four days together. My colleagues, too, are nearly all away for a holiday, leaving me to do their work, and to listen like Peri at the gate of Paradise, to the season-

able, though somewhat coarse, revelries which have already commenced, without being able to share in them. You can well imagine, without the aid of Dickens, what "Christmas in the Diggings" is like. As the sound of noisy healths to "sweethearts and wives," or "absent friends," mingled with rough choruses of "The old folks at home," beat all night upon the thin walls of my tent, I find my thoughts, no longer purely homesick for old England, clustering about a certain little bay, and conjuring up visions of a certain ledge of rocks, with one sitting beside the sounding sea, so intent upon her task as to allow a stranger to come close unperceived; then of kind greetings and hospitalities; of music, and church bells, and fair landscapes; and all the boundless blessing of a friendship that has become to me sweeter than aught else the world holds.

‘Without returning to the formal porch

of ecclesiasticism, I may still suffer the flood of feeling that at this time comes over Christendom to bear me out of the regular current of ordinary expression into something that better corresponds with the warmth of my feeling.

‘Dear Mary,—for once I may call you what you always are in my thoughts,—what do I not owe to you? Latest and best revelation to me of an Infinite and Divine in nature, it is you who have preserved me from becoming utterly sceptical of good between the materialising tendencies of my own speculations and the hard Phariseism that prevails here.

‘Let me tell you an anecdote of which I heard something from my French friend at sea, and which has come out to me anew in a book from England.

‘The great French thinker, Auguste Comte, after devoting years of lonely meditation to the production of his system

of philosophy, fell in love with a woman of remarkable character, and in peculiar and unhappy circumstances. One year of purest and most exquisite affection taught him to feel intensely what he had before only held theoretically, that the affections are supreme over all the rest of nature. That the heart is superior to the intellect ; the emotions to science. In short, that God is Love. Thus grown religious, he aspired to raise mankind to a new faith, —faith in Humanity. For one year, it is told of him, he knew the happiness of a profound attachment ; then the consolation of his life was withdrawn. The angel who had appeared in his solitude, opening the gates of heaven to his eager gaze, vanished and left him once more to his loneliness. But though her presence was no longer there, a train of luminous glory, left behind in the heart of the bereaved man, sufficed to make him bear his burden and dedicate

his days to that great mission which her love had sanctified.

‘To ourselves I dare to apply this story. The angel thou, and I the man.

‘A few short weeks, and the consolation of your friendship will be withdrawn from me, and the ceaseless ocean will be bearing you onwards to a new series of associations, to the lands of all deed, and song, and story, to the haven of all the aspirations of the children of this new world. Will the years bring you back again? Meanwhile, the influence of your presence shall ever remain with me, sweetening the toils of life, and ripening my heart and understanding for whatever mission of good I may ultimately devote myself to.

‘Your father will have told you that I wrote to him lately about some details of the arrangements he so kindly suggested to me. About eighteen months ago I first

met him at Yarradale. My sheep are now feeding there, side by side with his.

‘Next to coming to you, it would give me most pleasure to pass Christmas day at Yarradale. Am I taking too great a liberty in asking his permission to do so? What a year has this last been! It seems to hold my life.’

CHAPTER IV.

MISS TRAVERS' JOURNAL.

DEAR father,—I was reading Herbert's letter this morning when he came in. I did not know I was crying until I looked up at him. He said, 'Well, Mary,' in such a kind tone, that without speaking a word, I put the letter into his hand. He seemed moved when he read it, but only said, 'When you write to Mr Ainslie, tell him that he will find orthodox fare awaiting him on the 25th at Yarradale should he continue in the same mind.'

What difficulty I have found in send-

ing that simple message. It is not the first time I have written to him. I suppose it is the introduction of a personal element that caused so much hesitation. Our previous letters have all referred to more abstract subjects. If I have really been to him what he says, the obligation is not all on one side. I think I can trace a change in his sentiments, or rather in their expression, just as in my drawings sometimes the outline and features remain unaltered, while the slightest touch infuses a soul and a character into them. He himself said once that sentiment was to the universe what expression is to the countenance, or atmosphere to a landscape.

I quite feel myself his pupil. The treasures of European art will be all lost upon me without him to interpret them for me. I wish my father would put off going. Yet to what end should I propose

it, and what reason can I give?—And to leave Herbert in the bush more lonely than ever; for I know he will hardly ever come to Sydney then. His enjoyment with us is so evident, showing no sign of only partial sympathy. And though fêted and caressed by all our best society he certainly leaves it all to be with us.

He used to say how when he had won an independence he would return to his own country and seek some fair English girl with capacity sufficient to prevent her from being shocked at his heresies, and yet foolish enough to fancy herself in love with him. This he deems more essential to a woman's happiness than to a man's. I wonder why? A man has other engrossments. But a woman also can make occupation for herself—at least, I can, or rather could once, for of late I have been very idle: everything I have done has had some reference to his tastes and wishes.

I have been dependent upon him for every impulse. Perhaps it is best I should go, and recover my old independence of character. And in my travels should I see any noble-hearted and beautiful girl that seems to me to be worthy of him, I may tell her of the friend I have left in Australia, and persuade her to come and be his wife. How happy it would make me to be the cause of his happiness. And I would be a sister to both.—I hope he will not think my letter cold and formal. I do not think he will, for I did not feel so; and I wrote naturally and from my heart.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

Yarradale. Christmas Eve.

How full of delicacy and tenderness is my dear father. The morning after I sent his message to Herbert, he asked me if I should like to ask any friends over from Sydney to spend Christmas-day with us. I said there was no one I particularly

cared about, and added that a party would not seem complete without our usual guest. He said he thought Herbert would find it very dull at the station, and as he had once surprised him with his company there, it was only fair to return the surprise, and he had business up the country, and should I like to go?

To-morrow he will come. I must be up early and visit all my old protégés first.

CHAPTER V.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

*Herbert to Arnold.**January, 1854.*

READ and rejoice with me, my friend.

I rode over on Christmas morning to Yarradale, Mr Travers' head station, preferring a quiet day there to the revelries of the diggings. I had written to Sydney to ask permission and was told that I should find proper fare awaiting me. In all my relations with the Travers there has been a brimfulness of feeling, an accord and unity of sentiment such as can only proceed

from entire sympathy and mutual respect. The prospect of soon losing them made things look very dismal to me, taking the glow from the future and robbing the very landscapes of their charms. I had learnt that one friend is worth a hundred acquaintances, and perhaps was beginning to suspect that one love is worth a hundred friendships, and for the first time a sense of weariness and despondency came over me when I thought of being alone again. Riding up to Yarradale I was able to realize intensely the desolation I should feel when I knew that my friends were no longer in the country. The feeling came upon me suddenly and completely as when, after a beautiful tropical sunset, the rosy glow has faded from the sky, and in a moment all is dun and gray. And I felt constrained to cry aloud, 'This is more than friendship, it must be love.' Love, the thought I have ever studiously thrust

from me until the time should come for crowning my life with all ecstasy. I knew that I loved Miss Travers—was her truly affectionate friend, but not that I was *in love* with her. If ever such an idea had obtruded itself I should have rejected it as one that she herself would have disapproved of, and really felt that she would have looked sadly and reproachfully upon me for depriving her of a friend by converting him into a lover. Indeed she had almost come to believe men incapable of friendship, for no sooner did she come to know any than they always wanted, she once told me, to marry her. It was long after I first knew them I overheard some people speaking of ‘the rich Captain Travers and his beautiful daughter,’ and how they seemed to think no one in the colony was good enough for them;—ascribing their seclusion to pride. It had never occurred to me before that he was rich.

They lived so quietly, I rather believed the contrary; and it is a common thing here for men to have extensive flocks and herds and at the same time to have heavy mortgages upon them. I knew well that they were not proud, and people might be equally mistaken about their being rich. However, the idea annoyed me, and made me for some time shy of visiting them so much.

I felt that the purity of my friendship was liable to impeachment. I felt too that there was a barrier between the poor wanderer and the Australian heiress,—if heiress she really was. My theories also about the discipline of poverty for women were all up in arms. But going to see them after an attack of such feelings, all would be dispelled by the truth, and depth, and sweetness, which seemed to have there their chosen home. And I presently despised myself for exalting money to that

bad eminence whence it could overshadow the divinest, and sever me from the best that the universe has revealed to me of itself.

Besides, was I not denying to them the credit I took to myself of being above being influenced by money considerations? There was no consciousness of any condescension on their part; perhaps it was a morbid feeling that betrayed me into such fancies. All this was over, however, and an absence of unusual length, with the expectation of but one short meeting previous to their departure for Europe, led me to a perception of the vastness of the blessing I had enjoyed in Miss Travers' friendship. The mere contemplation of such a character I felt was the loftiest education I could receive; and when to this was added her affectionate regard, I felt that I had received an impetus from the Divine sufficient to influence and direct my whole life.

Thoroughly penetrated by this conviction, I wrote in anticipation of the season to express my sorrow at being unable to join them, and to make some acknowledgment of my indebtedness to her. I wrote warmly, as I felt; and, not perceiving as I now perceive, as none but a lover could have written. Her answer was—like herself. It was to enjoy the influence of her presence that I wished to go to Yarradale, for though I had never seen her there it was her birthplace and home of her youth, and all things bore witness of her.

Well, I reached the gate and gave up my horse to a servant who seemed to be expecting me, and walked slowly through the garden, her own old flower-garden, to the door. Looking towards the house I beheld her standing in the porch beside her father! Surely an illusion, I thought, and advanced with my arms unconsciously

extended. Another moment and she was clasped in them. One embrace, one kiss, and I bethought myself of her father.

‘Sir, Sir, do not be angry with me. I could not help it.’ He turned away smiling! and went into the house. ‘He is not angry with me, Mary. Are you?’

‘My father loves you, Herbert.’

‘Does his daughter share the feeling?’

‘Can you ask?—What else do I here?’

It was true. She was still in my arms.

‘Too good to be true. Too good to be true,’ I murmured. ‘And he gives you to me?’

‘Ah, you do not know him. There is no halfness in his nature.’

And so, and so,—you may guess the rest.

I want you, dear old friend, to know and love her too. That blessed afternoon, after a long and most pleasant conversation with her father, we passed in wandering

through garden and bush, losing ourselves

‘In that new world which is the old,’

and talking of the multitudinous mysteries of which love is the only revealer. But I forget; you are not a lover—yet: so, for the present, farewell.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have received the sad news of my father’s death. This is a most unexpected blow to me. It had never occurred to me that we might never meet again. He would have rejoiced so in my happy prospects; for his heart was really a tender one, in spite of the warp of that cursed religion which made a division between us. My mother writes proudly that he was faithful to the last, expressing his confidence in the atonement made for sin, as leaving God no excuse for refusing to receive him into bliss. ‘But for that blessed sacrifice,’ he said, ‘what a wretch should I be now!’ And so

he died, seeing in God, not the loving Father of all, but only an avenger baffled of his victim. Would that I had been there to urge him to put his trust in God, instead of in the miserable logic of his party.

You will be glad to learn that I inherit sufficient to make me feel myself no longer an adventurer.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTERVAL.

UNDER the myrtle and the orange ; in the soft moonlight of an Australian midsummer ; in faint hearing of the bleating of folded sheep, and the call of the night-hawk and cuckoo from the bush,—they sit, a happy trio. Listen ; Herbert is telling of the last Christmas evening he had spent among the snows of the Californian Sierra ; a topic suggested by the season and the contrast.

‘ I was alone the whole day, my companion, the doctor, having gone in the

morning to see a sick man many miles off. At night he had not returned. Before going to bed I went out of the hut and stood upon the frozen snow. The stars were shining as I had never seen, never imagined, them to shine before. The sky was black, oh, so intensely black, from the contrast with the earth's white covering, and the stars seemed to be actually projected from it, so marvellously did they stand out in their wondrous brilliancy, like great eyes starting from the head of space; and all was still with an intense stillness. The great pines, laden with snow till their boughs hung slanting downwards, neither creaked, nor groaned, nor moved; and the long depending icicles glistened in the starlight in a strange weird manner. And as I gazed, entranced with the beauty of all things, the thought struck through me that this earth is one of that family of stars that gaze so intently

upon me; that I too am in heaven, standing upon a star, a cold, bright star, looking all around into the many glittering eyes of infinity; but none respond to me; they only gaze hard at me. I am alone; a soul wandered far from its kind, far out into the expanse beyond the zone of warmth and life. Here is the outermost edge of space, where all is coldness, and darkness, and silence, and death.

‘Oh, the intensity of the chill that struck to my heart! With the shudder consciousness returned. To stay here is, indeed, death. The morrow and the doctor will find me, too, an icicle. The hut was soon gained; and brightly and cheerily burnt the fire as I heaped on fresh pine logs, rich in exuding pitch, and the clear flame darted up the chimney with a roar, lighting up the forest, and warning all wild beasts that there was at least one animal in those icy wastes who knew how

to be comfortable on that bitter night.'

Lightly sleep hearts so heavily laden with joy and hope. A clear voice singing amid the flowers draws Herbert early to his window. Together they pass to the cottages on the farm; and he looks on with delight as the children run out and cluster around his Mary, and hears a new tone in her voice as she speaks to them, a tone of deepest tenderness and compassion, that wins the rudest of them to be her most submissive slave. Blessings on her from all lips. From the young mother, whose infant she had nursed through a long night of suffering, and from the aged crone to whose tales of woe she had ever listened with untiring sympathy. 'Any hope of their young mistress coming back to live among them? The children never learnt half so fast as when she was their teacher.' And Mary answers their affectionate questionings by a smile and a blush.

One shadow darkens the brightness. Her father: how can she leave him? Herbert feels this, feels himself unkind to rob him of his sole companion and solace. Not that Mr Travers himself shows any reluctance. He laughs, and says that now he is freed from the care of a troublesome girl he shall go and hunt up his relations in England; perhaps take a young wife himself; perhaps travel all over the world. They see through the affected jocularly of the brave, tender old man, and heartily beseech him to believe that he has gained and not lost a child or a home. In all things Herbert sees fresh proofs of consideration and delicacy. Not over-burdening him with a sense of money obligations, he suggests that it may suit him to make his head-quarters at Yarradale, and look after the flock that is already his own, and the others also, if he likes.

CHAPTER VII.

REALISATION.

IN busy young countries engagements are rarely suffered to linger and grow old. Two months of frequent partings and happy meetings ; and, sweetest solace of lovers and cementers of love, those written revelations of affection in which heart wells up to heart across the gulfs of space.

No matter how well lovers understand each other, there is always plenty to be explained. Incredulous of his good fortune, Herbert feels that there is no self-sacrifice of which Mary is not capable.

May she not have divined the intensity of his love for her, and feared that she might be the means of wrecking his whole life by her refusal? What love has not prompted, may it not be thus granted to compassion? His disquietude urges him to ask if she is impelled towards him as he towards her. She fancies that there is a difference between a man's and a woman's feeling. She longs to be with him and to bless him ever. She is conscious of no other—yet. He is content with the assurance that her feeling for him differs from any she has before known. With smiles and hesitation she says, 'You will laugh at me, but I think my predominant feeling is that if you were ill it would be my greatest happiness to nurse you; and if I were ill, to be nursed by you.'

And so, and so, on swift and noiseless wings the moments fly, until time itself

seems to vanish in one boundless eternity of love—full, entire, and complete.

And thus their lives, which have hitherto flowed apart, like two streams gradually approaching each other, at last meet, and, gently blending into one, henceforth flow on in the self-same channel, a fair and affluent river, inseparable for evermore.

Is it a wonder that he sings thus, when, with bewitching hesitancy, his bride, half fearing that her happiness is too great to be real, asks if he has nothing to regret in the loss of his liberty?

‘ What have I lost ? my life has been
A mountain torrent running all to waste,
A flashing streamlet, merely picturesque.
What have I gained ? Life now will be
A noble river gliding calmly on,
Enriching all the land through which it flows ; ’

—for, with such an helpmeet, no mark seems too high to be attained, no mission of usefulness too hard to be accomplished.

He may show her this also, now that she has learnt that love is a prophecy, and can understand the interpretation thereof.

‘ No more I’ll roam, but sit me down and rest
From all my toils in some fair spot like this.
May I but hope to be beloved and blest,
I will not ransack earth for other bliss.

These trees o’ershadowing my love and me,
Shall hear us reckon oft our pleasures through.
Yon bounteous river, swelling to the sea,
Shall type our love’s increase and constant flow.

And all day long, in sunshine and in shade,
Among yon groves, and here upon this lawn,
With dimpled mirth, and garlands bright arrayed,
Our children shall disport their life’s glad morn.’

CHAPTER VIII.

PROSPECTS.

THE months pass too swiftly. A letter to Arnold allows a glimpse of the happy pair and their Eden of the South.

I, too, am an idolater now. This picture of my fair saint I kiss and gaze upon with all my soul's rapture. Who has a right to say I do not adore the image, but only her whom it represents to me; or that in my worship of her I do not worship herself, but the infinite Being her boundless love and tenderness represents to me?

Is not this true, that wherever we find

an element of infinity, there, to us, is the Divine,—is God? The child finds it in his parent; the lover in his mistress.

Do not think I am idle in this my Paradise. Even the garden of Eden required tilling; otherwise Adam might ere long have discovered that a man who does not know what to do with himself, does not know what to do with a wife. Idleness must be fatal to love; as it is to self-respect. The intensity of my happiness seems to intensify every faculty, and make easy the solution of the various social problems with which I am occupying myself. You cannot think how utterly absurd seem all vows to those who love. My promising to love Mary all my life seemed about as superfluous as a promise not to jump over the moon. It seems so impossible ever to come asunder; and, indeed, with many dispositions I should think few things could be better devised for promoting a

revulsion of feeling than such artificial bonds of union. They seem to betoken much such want of confidence in the laws of our being, as if we should fasten ourselves to the ground for fear gravitation should fail sufficiently to attach us. I suppose, however, that laws generally are made to suit the worst organisations, who find no law in themselves. 'Whom God hath joined together let none put asunder,' is the teaching of all true love; but how many are joined together by God? Whom passion, convenience, folly, and ignorance of their own and each other's natures have joined together, let them come asunder when and where they please. It is no man's business to weld the iron and the clay. God hath not joined them. 'The Church?' That is not God, though it may sit in his temple making itself God; and that is exactly what it tries to do when it supersedes or supplements the ordinances

of nature with its own. Bind property, insure the means of living, as you will—but persons and hearts? Even these young communities out here are not without a leaven of the priestcraft that so trammels the Old World. There are not wanting those who assert that a parent has no right to educate his own child; that, they say, is the Church's duty. The Church, that is, other people, with certain opinions; so that, if their theory be true, other people have a better right to teach a child than its parent has.

How to remove the veil which habit has bound over men's eyes, and get them to recognize the true principles of human association,—this is the hardest of problems. There is much room, however, for hope, so long as the colonists preserve their strong, resolute, British feeling in favour of thinking and acting for themselves.

They are now taking measures for get-

ting the government of the country into their own sole management. The struggles they will have to go through when they get it, will be an admirable education, involving probably a complete break-up of the system hitherto existing, and even plunging them into a chaos from which order will emerge but painfully and slowly.

It *will* emerge, however, provided the community possesses sufficient vitality, without which the most paternal government can only prolong a sickly constitution. My desire is to see the people of this new world enjoying an organic development in accordance with their natural conditions, instead of being made mere servile repetitions of that which exists elsewhere.

The habit of judging all civilisations by our own European standard seems to me a great mistake, founded on the old assump-

tion that we are absolutely right, and that therefore all who differ are wrong. Whereas the real perfection exhibited by nature consists in perfect adaptation. So vivid sometimes is our perception of this that we can hardly avoid thinking the Creator must be altogether such an one as ourselves; working as we do; forming an idea, or experiencing a want, and then framing means to meet it.

As in this country the conditions are so varied as to cause all forms of life, whether in the vegetable or animal kingdom, to differ greatly from their European equivalents, it seems folly for man and his institutions to expect to be constant. Such considerations make me regard with leniency those aberrations from the Old World prototypes which mark the course of all American and other colonial communities. They show an effort of nature to throw out of the system all that is foreign to it, and

does not spring naturally out of its circumstances. In some cases, as in that of the Spanish republics, the struggle is more violent probably than the patients can bear. If so, they will die, and give place to better. Well, nature does not bring every germ to maturity, whether of man or plant. Such is her method. Is it for us to contravene it? or can we if we would?

The vast force inherent in the Anglo-Saxon constitution will carry our colonies through almost any crisis. The longer it is deferred the more violent and serious it will be. Wherefore I am siding with those who are agitating for what is called here 'responsible government,' and considering how best to help my fellow colonists to understand the right ends and limits of government, when they shall have succeeded in obtaining it.

The first and hardest duty of the future government will be, not to enact, but to

repeal,—to remove obstructions. Already the quarrel is growing hot between two essential classes of the community. Is it not curious? Here we have renewed the old Cain and Abel strife between the agriculturist and the shepherd, or squatter, as he is called here. Grazing was ever more profitable than tillage. Wherefore the farmer envies and hates the flock-owner, and would fain destroy him; and as the ‘finest peasantry’ are those reared in agricultural exercises, there is no doubt that, as in the old record, the pastoral interests will have to succumb, unless its opponents recognize the equal claims of both under the existing conditions of climate and soil.

There can be little doubt that the wool-growing interests have been unduly fostered by the government, in the hope of creating a great landed and conservative class. The gold discovery has come just in time to reduce this to its proper dimen-

sions by introducing a population that will require for cultivation all the land which is adapted for it. Out of this, and probably all other difficulties, we shall find nature our best guide and deliverer; only it needs a single eye and an unbiassed mind to discover and interpret aright her purpose.

In all that I do and feel my Mary is a sharer, and my gentle prompter to good whenever my own happiness would make me too long forgetful of all else. One after another the richly laden galleons of the months arrive, and discharge their precious cargo of love and hope into our bosoms.

Truly, indeed, He hath given one of His best angels charge over me.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ADDITION.

To Arnold.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,

My happiness does not choke me now. I have grown with the occasion, and instead of being overwhelmed in the flood of my joy, I can touch the ground and keep my head above water.

I have a son; and the mother is safe. I thought I knew what happiness was before.

Then it was the intensity of hope and

longing. Now it is the intensity of satisfaction.

How well, says Emerson, Love must create. Lovers do not know it, but they unconsciously love, not each other, or their own present pleasures, but the future that shall grow out of their affection; the future in which each appears ever more blended with the other, and they can no more imagine themselves separately.

It makes one so orthodox having this first child. Our little trio fills infinity for us. It is an epitome of the Trinity. Never more let men say 'Three are bad company.' I find myself blandly regarding the dogmatists. The nativity of Jesus is no fiction, no miracle, but true of all mankind who love. Even the latest dogma of Rome is a fact in nature. Who dare say that purity is incompatible with maternity? Woe to the blasphemer of nature for whom these things are not so! Poor, sensitive, great-

hearted David was indeed in low spirits, even to hypochondria, when he fancied himself 'conceived in sin.' To attach a stain to any natural act is to stigmatise the Author of Nature. There is sin in the cold-blooded bartering of youth and beauty; in unions where there is no mutual pervading heart-felt necessity for each other's companionship. But in the universal poem, 'the Divine Drama' of Nature, there is no more beautiful canto than that in which a pure, noble-hearted girl yields herself to the man she loves.

I used always to look up to you as my senior, but now I feel that I am yours. Our places are reversed. Husband and father, am I not doubly promoted over your head?

You should see the devotion of the mother to the child—her child, for she almost grudges me any property in it, while regarding me with a kind of puzzled

gratitude. I verily believe she looks upon her babe as the paragon of mankind, destined to be the patriot reformer of his race. Already is he the real master of the house. Everything must give way to 'baby.' I am made of as little account as Joseph himself, as if I were only the reputed father. And dearly do I enjoy the poetry of all this.

Nay, it seems to be in some sense true; for the father's share in the matter really seems to be nothing compared with the mother's. Who dare limit the drama of the 'Holy Family' to one single representation?

Now I dare say that to you, dweller in populous places and accustomed to regard the exercise of the affections as commonplace and a matter of course, such interpretations of cherished mysteries may appear very shocking. Whereas to me it is the only intelligible one. The only

blasphemy I can recognize is irreverence ; and I speak with deepest reverence of these things, even as those who in old times wrote them ;—secluded, hermit-like men, dwelling, as I have done, apart from all communion save with their inmost selves, and accustomed in their loneliness to regard all things relating to the production of a human soul as divine mysteries, and immediately referable to Divine agency. Thus Prometheus-like do I scale Olympus, and restore to man the divine element of which his greedy gods have robbed him.

Love is in truth the key to the universe, unlocking mysteries that before seemed inscrutable. Friendship is content in absence. Content to feel that there is one on whose faith we can repose, and to whom we can fly whenever our need presses. But the magic touch of love once felt, separation becomes unendurable.

Love is the key of the universe. What

else is the mutual tendency of atoms but the 'love' of its smallest particles? Attraction, whether mechanical, animal, or spiritual, is no other than love. Everywhere identical in essence, all things are nourished by it; for for what else is the reception and assimilation of food into the body, and the absorption of a lower life into a higher?

'The intense attraction and agonised yearning towards each other of two natures, as if striving to become fused into one, has its result in the production of a third, in which, while they retain their individuality, both are yet blended, and in which they can contemplate each other and themselves. Barren and illegitimate is the love that cannot produce a future in accordance with itself, a future that is lovely to look upon in anticipation. The pleasures of true and pure affection are cumulative; rising ever higher and higher

in intensity towards that ideal of perfect bliss for which the soul ever yearns. To live so that they become dulled by repetition, and a pastime of a moment, must indeed be self-destruction of the worst kind. All existence is a perpetual ebb and flow. In order to attain a far higher height of being than we can yet imagine, it is necessary to avoid too frequently calling into action the acutest sensations of our nature. The capacity for pleasure must be husbanded, like any other treasure, or it becomes exhausted. Love is the key of the universe, and when man has worn out or lost that, he says with poor *blasé* old Solomon, 'Creation is a vanity and a blunder, for I have transcended it.' And was he the wisest man?

Were there no ebb there would be no flow; all would be motionless and stagnant. The self-existent is an ocean, not a river. It is impossible always to be at the same

height, at the top of being, without losing the sense of being at an elevation at all. Without valleys, can be no hills. A world of mountain-tops would be all level plain. A consolation to me these thoughts in the occasional separations forced upon me. 'Incorrigible optimist,' you will say, when I inflict them thus upon you.

To you alone I write of these things. And if I seem to enunciate as novelties thoughts long familiar to yourself, pray ascribe it to my theological education, which, content with inculcating the supreme necessity of a certain theory of the supernatural, left everything natural for me to discover for myself.

Is not this the right interpretation of the charming old allegory of Cupid and Psyche,—that the beginning of love is the birth of the soul in man and woman? And that a certain degree of mystery is necessary to preserve the sacred flame in woman,

while knowledge can be safely borne by man alone? Apuleius is not the only one who has held that woman's innocence consists in ignorance—that analysis is a masculine function.

CHAPTER X.

A GLIMPSE.

ANOTHER glimpse of the fair lives of the wedded pair. It is at the moment when Britain is engaged in a vast struggle on behalf of the weak and the oppressed. Throughout that far country every kindred bosom thrills at the report of the achievements of her soldiers. To help in the conflict is not given them; but they can aid the widow and the orphan of the brave dead. No niggard is Australia of her gold, as is testified by her contributions to the Patriotic Fund, which far exceeded those of any other community of equal size.

And not in gold only does the far south-land prove the strength of her sympathies. In the verandah at happy Yarradale sits the young mother, not so entirely absorbed in her new office as to have lost her love for her favourite art, or to have forgotten the use of her pencil. The canvas before her shows the outline of the picture that is to be her greatest achievement, for is it not a labour of love, and a token of sympathy with heroism? There are the gates of heaven through which pours a bright splendour, indicating the unutterable glories within; and arrayed without are the souls of the fallen in fight, showing their wounds and their broken weapons, and mutely appealing to these evidences of their devotion, in justification of their claims to admission. And above and around them gathers a luminous mist rising from the dwellers below. These are the prayers of their countrymen and

of the delivered peoples pleading for their deliverers.

The story of the battle of Inkermann, 'the soldier's battle,' has thrilled to the inmost heart of Australia; and Mary is illustrating this ode which Herbert has written for her.

November 5th, 1854.

Fresh from fight, with gory faces,
Gaping wounds and notchèd blades,
Claiming at the heavenly places
Each a wreath that never fades :
Stood they there with aspect fearful,
Stern, heroic, undismayed :
Mortals once,—weak, erring, tearful :
Now for them their death-deeds prayed.

Prayed in silence ; each the token
Holding forth that spoke his fame ;
Sword and lance in battle broken,
Helmet crushed, but deathless name.

And a halo gathered o'er them
Brighter far than burst of morn ;
Countless voices praying for them,
To the throne of God are borne.

They their country loved and cherished,
Thoughtless though sometime of good ;

They for country fought and perished ;
 In the ranks they nobly stood,

Stood and dropped without regretting,
 Breast to breast in deadly fight ;
 Rooted rocks their bosoms setting
 'Gainst the frantic torrent's might.

Wintry torrents fiercely pouring,
 Mass on mass, and tide on tide ;
 Waves of darkness, madly roaring,
 Hurled they back, and, hurling, died.

Take they now the highest stations
 In the mansions of delight,
 With the prayers of grateful nations
 Broïdered on their garments bright.

May they win archangels' places,
 Win the heights of holiest love,
 Gaining all divinest graces ;
 Heroes here, and kings above.

CHAPTER XI.

REPORTING PROGRESS.

To Arnold.

YOU cannot think how monstrous to me now seems the folly of the old Hermits, and you Fellows of Colleges, their unnatural descendants, in withdrawing from all human association in order to seek that virtue which is only possible through the affections. The same spirit of asceticism that has led Pagans and Christians alike to despise the body vitiates all modern theology. People christen things 'material' and 'animal,' and forthwith detach from them all love and reverence, forgetting that to true love nothing is common or unclean.

They are kindred absurdities, the trying to imagine man prior to, or independent of, his organic body, and Deity apart from the universe. Yet is not this the usual mode of thinking?

It is a magnificent book which you last sent me,—Spencer's 'Social Statics.' He is indeed the Euclid of ethics. It will be of great use to me in my endeavour to recommend a simpler state of things in our colonial system. One sentence epitomizes all I have been long thinking on these subjects. 'Morality is essentially one with physical truth. It is a kind of transcendental physiology.' The highest morality and happiness springs from the strictest fulfilment of the physical laws of our being, one of the most important of which is sympathy. The ascetic method was to paralyse the social faculties by total abstinence, instead of strengthening them by moderate and healthy exercise. I thought once that I had found in

California a condition in which I was free to develope and act out my own nature. But it was the freedom of isolation. The only faculties there necessarily developed, are those which fit men for a wild and aboriginal mode of life, the real secret, I fancy, of the form society has assumed throughout Western America. That I was not myself an instance of this theory was because I did not limit my future to the existing state of things. For the development of the best parts of our nature intimate human relations are indispensable. And thus I see in the beautiful legend of the Holy Family, in the bond between father, mother, and child, a revelation of domestic happiness as the highest we can attain to. It is amusing to see how insensibly one falls into the habit of regarding our own best as divine. I may be excused for doing it when so clear and acute a thinker as Herbert Spencer does the same.

Seeking out the broadest and plainest principle that the universe exhibits to him, he calls that the 'Divine Idea.' Meaning only thereby that it is the best and truest that *he* can discover. Well, I suppose that the best we can comprehend must ever be the Divine for us; and necessarily so by the very constitution of our nature. For we must ever interpret that which is without by that which is within. In going through the Bible with Mary of late, we have been much struck by the subjective character of all that really appertains to religion in both Old and New Testaments. Constantly is the inner ideal dwelt upon without any necessary reference to corresponding external objects. Think you it was the law as written in the books of Moses that was a delight to the mind and a guide to the feet of the Kingly Psalmist? No, no; it was something that appealed much more nearly to his inmost soul, even

‘ the law of God in his heart.’ And what else was meant by ‘ Christ *in you* the hope of glory ?’ The *idea* of a perfect standard is all that can be in us. The question whether or not it has any external personal existence in history, does not affect the efficacy of the idea in raising us up towards itself. God, the Absolute, is altogether past finding out. Wherefore we elevate the best we can imagine into the Divine, and worship that:—the perfect man or perfect woman, surely it is no matter which, since it is the Character and not the Person that is adored. The Divine character is one and the same, whoever be the medium of its revelation to the individual. Happy the man who finds it in his wife: happy the woman who finds it in her husband. Few, if any, are capable of pure Deism, or worship of the Absolute. Men must have a background to infinity to save the strain on their eyesight, or rather a foreground

to hide infinity from them. If you have ever perceived the difference between gazing on an object in the heavens, a cloud for example, and gazing into the heavens themselves, you will at once comprehend my meaning. Christianity is a worship of the divinest character as exemplified in a human form.

I love to seek a meaning in things that so many people have so long believed, and so dearly cherished. It is painful to have to regard it all as pure nonsense, and to have to look upon the world as little better than an asylum for idiots. Every discovery of a coincidence between us brings us nearer together, and makes us more intelligible to each other; so I am inclined to believe that in the doctrines and rites of every religion there is a kindred and mystic meaning which has been generally forgotten or materialised; a meaning derived from some universal fact in our own nature.

Thus the water, bread, and wine of the Christian sacraments are interpretable as representing for us all the constituent elements which nature yields for our sustenance.

I began making a book of biblical *adversaria*, without the least notion how enormously extended a list they would make, even those in our translation; and I understand that in the original there are far more, and more important discrepancies.

I have given up the task as a barren one for myself; but every bibliolater should undertake a similar one before asserting the theory of plenary inspiration. I defy any one to study the Bible in this way, and then maintain its verbal or, indeed, its moral infallibility. Men use their educated moral sense to extract the good and reject the evil; but they seem to lay it aside when they declare that the whole is good at the very moment they are explain-

ing away the obvious meaning of passages that shock them. In addition to the discrepancies between the various accounts of the same events, such as the different numbers ascribed by the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles to the men engaged and killed in the same battles, I collated such passages as these, where it is said in one place ‘the Lord moved,’ and in another, ‘the devil provoked,’ David to number Israel. The instances of the indiscriminate punishment of many for the fault of a few, ascribed to Divine vengeance,—‘I, the Lord, create evil;’ ‘I gave you statutes that were not good.’ (Does this include the ten commandments?) If the Bible *will* say such things it cannot be our duty to ignore them, and ascribe to it the uniform infallibility it so evidently disclaims for itself.

It is curious to note how a later and less prejudiced re-perusal of these old re-

cords sometimes transforms the heroes of one's childhood into deceivers and tyrants. The history of Samuel affords me a notable instance. His pious childhood, and his prophetic old age, seemed to give a unity to a character which looms out of the ancient obscurity as one of the greatest and noblest in history ; yet I cannot now read of his conduct in regard to Agag, without seeing in him the arrogant and overbearing priest, setting at nought his sovereign's clemency, coming down at the head of his college of priests, and taking the prisoner whom the king had spared, and murdering him. And then, on discovering that Saul was no longer entirely subservient to the order that had set him on the throne, he denounces him as a sinner against God, and covers his own mistaken expectations of the man by saying ' the Lord repents having made thee king over Israel.' The priest is infallible ; and if there is any error

of judgment, the mistake is not his but the Lord's!

I am not disposed, however, to throw all blame upon the priests. People insist on having infallibility somewhere, either in an oracle, a man, a church, or a book; and in one or the other they will find a concrete object for them to worship. Yet, if anything is deducible from the Bible, polygamy and slavery, as well as Calvinism, find there a justification. One of the Gospels represents Jesus as ascending into heaven with a curse almost upon his lips. 'He that believeth not,' that is, who does not that which is altogether beyond his own power to control,—the marvellous assertions of a few ignorant peasants, 'shall be damned.' But I do not the less admire the grandeur and beauty of his life and character because in after-ages a fanatic partisan attributed to him an atrocious sentiment; for well I know that such love and

devotion as followed him throughout would never have been won by an unjust, hard, or intolerant character. Surely even Christians have a right to imitate St Paul's rejection of all slavishness in these matters, and judge for themselves what is essential, without being the less Christians. There is no proof that the apostles believed the New Testament, which was to come after them. Wonders are not necessarily miracles. Even we do not know the limits of the natural. Enthusiastic zeal will account for much exaggeration, and many of Christ's warmest admirers were women. Those who know anything of mesmerism and 'spirit-rapping' can understand the delusions to which their hysterical susceptibilities make them specially liable. If such a basis seem to you too trivial to have so momentous an argument founded on it, I would remind you that but for the success of Christianity we should probably

never have heard of its wonders; and if success be worth anything as a criterion of truth, you would be wrong to ignore the marvellous spread of this new faith and practice. Not merely the number, but the characters of the adherents of 'spiritualism' demand for it a patient and rigid scrutiny, for no religion ever succeeded like it. I have listened much to persons who are familiar with its workings in both Europe and America; and I have, when in Sydney, taken every opportunity of examining our colonial reproductions of its phenomena. What, more than anything else, has led me to take this trouble is the weakness of the reasons alleged against it. I found that the most ardent disbelievers in and contemners of its claims, are just the very persons who, by their professed faith, ought to be most ready to receive it as, at least, a possibility. It is just those persons who believe most firmly in the existence and

power of spirits good and bad, that are most incredulous about it prior to examination. For myself, I approached the subject with all my faculties on the alert, and my prejudices in abeyance; and I have retired from its investigation utterly distrusting the genuineness of its phenomena, and considerably enlightened on the subject of miracle-making.

I have rarely been more painfully struck than by the wondrous contempt for veracity exhibited by the performers in general. These, the 'mediums,' are almost exclusively females, and no amount of conviction of their dishonesty seems able to win a confession of trickery from them. Now I cannot bring myself to believe that there is so much conscious falsehood in the world, especially among persons who are ordinarily truthful; and I have observed symptoms that lead me to ascribe much that is said and done to their being under

the influence of a certain excitement or exaltation, arising, perhaps, from the idea of contact with the denizens of another world. As with the subjects of Mesmerism and Electro-biology, they seem liable to hallucinations more or less hysterical, which render them quite unconscious of the nature of their acts and assertions. I am confirmed in my theory on this point by observing that persons in whom perfect honesty, and a power of calm self-control, are distinguishing characteristics, never succeed in becoming 'mediums,' no matter how earnestly they may desire to possess the power in order either to hold communion with departed friends, or to demonstrate the after-life. The possession of a high degree of intellectuality and sensibility is apparently a fatal objection with the 'spirits;' they will only visit those organisations in which a certain degree of

cunning seems to be combined with a liability to hysterical affections. Yet a new religion, founded on such materials, has won its votaries by myriads, including men of understanding, learning, and station, who declare that if the evidences of its truth be insufficient, all historical testimony to the truth of anything whatever is utterly worthless. What I have seen in this connection has suggested to me an explanation of much that has perplexed me in the world's history. Emerson says that we owe the religions of the world to the ejaculations of a few imaginative men. I suspect that we owe its miracles to the exaggerations of a good many fanciful women. Even you allow that 'error has crept into the palace of truth' since the publication of the Gospels. How much more likely that it should have crept in *before*, while the only source of information was oral,

and therefore shifting. We differ only about the period of its introduction and the amount introduced.

In so far as I can judge, the main qualification of a 'medium' consists in an acute sensitiveness to all variations of pressure on the table, and to all hints or indications of what is passing in the minds of those present. This, where the answers are given by tilting a light table,—the case in which there is most room for unconscious deception. The interrogator, expecting a certain reply, unconsciously ceases to follow the table's vibrations when the expected letter is reached. The medium, detecting the diminution of pressure, allows the table to stop at that point, attributing, perhaps, that diminution to spiritual agency; while the interrogator, finding his very thought spelt out, does the same: and so the deception is mutual. Where answers are given by raps, the deception is gross and inten-

tional ; though even in this case, the medium might plead that, though produced by ordinary muscular exertion, they are prompted by spiritual suggestion. To this explanation has my process of gauging colonial spirits led me. Perhaps those of Old World manufacture would baffle my scrutiny ; but there are two divisions of the question which must be kept quite distinct. The first thing is to prove the genuineness of the phenomena. The second is to account for them, if genuine. You see that I have not yet arrived at a belief in the first. Doubtless it would be a grand thing to bring into the region of Demonstration that which has hitherto been confined to the region of Faith,—the separate existence of the soul, and the reality of the after-life. I have heard of hard-headed sceptics being transformed into tender-hearted Christians by this new influence. Such a result, of course, proves nothing, however desirable.

People may be deceived to their own good.

Even were I to hold that a man may be damned for his beliefs, methinks I should incur more risk by accepting than by rejecting the popular notions. It may really be a great sin of which Christians are guilty, in rendering to their teacher and example the divine honours which are due only to God : in likening their Deity to those of the pagans, by representing Him as condescending to an earthly maiden ; in endowing Him with a disposition that was incapable of forgiving his repentant children, whom he had created weak and ignorant and liable to err, without a compensation of agony and blood. What more natural than for a new religion, commencing in an unscientific and superstitious age, to have a mythology like all others ? The wonder would have been if it had not. It would have indicated that the disciples and their followers were equal to their

master. Whereas the very ascription to Jesus of supernatural attributes shows their incapacity to appreciate the grandeur and simplicity of his character, and their desire to win for him the respect of mankind by exhibiting him as an equal of their deities in every popular respect. The real charm of Calvinism consists in its pretension to logical sequence. But that charm fails where the logical faculty is more than half developed. It pretends to solve the problem how a sinless God can forgive sinners. But the solution rests on most contradictory premises; for in claiming to satisfy the inconsistent attributes of justice and mercy, it actually represents God as unjust enough to require perfection from creatures whom he has made so imperfect that the very best of them succumbed to the first and smallest temptation, a fault to be washed out only by the life-blood of the innocent. The very ascription of Deity

to Jesus involves the injustice of God, for it implies that he required of man what was utterly beyond mere human power to perform. If any opinions are 'wicked,' surely it must be those which I am repudiating, and, at any rate, it would be wicked in me to profess them while thus regarding them. With respect to the Bible, my endeavour is to interpret the letter by the spirit instead of the spirit by the letter, to use it without abusing it; regarding it not as an infallible history, but as a history containing accounts and utterances of men gifted with lofty character and clear insight into moral and spiritual questions. They may aid me in more clearly discerning the truth, but my own experiences touch me more nearly than theirs. I do not 'create my religion out of my own inner consciousness,' as you say, any more than in exercising the faculty of taste I create the flavour which I per-

ceive. Neither do I find my religion in the external world, any more than I find the flavour in the thing tasted. To attribute saltiness, for instance, to the salt itself, is the same as to place the pain of a puncture in the pin that pricks one. Neither the feeling nor the religion exists merely objectively or subjectively. But as the sensation called saltiness is the result of a combination, whether chemical or mechanical, between my own organs of taste and the salt; that is, is the name given to the effect produced on myself by the contact;—so is true religion the result of a harmonious combination between the soul and the universe of being: all other is habit and hearsay.

With reference to the sermon you sent me on man being made in God's image, it seems to me that if any creature is entitled to regard his own nature as the special type and exemplar of the Divine, *all* are

alike entitled to do the same. The coarse, sensual, brutal man, as well as the noblest and purest. The very animals may put in their claim. The deity of the tiger and shark would be an impersonation of unavoidable agility and relentless ferocity, much like that of savage human tribes, whose gods are governed by caprice without regard to any of those sentiments of justice and benevolence which *we* regard as necessary to higher natures, and therefore assign pre-eminently to our Deity. The very earth itself would be justified in referring all its qualities and phenomena to their counterpart in the Creator, and in imagining his character as liable to a succession of moods resembling the hurricanes and calms, heat and cold, that alternate upon its own surface. If the highest best conceivable by some natures is to be regarded as the nearest index to the Divine for them, so must the highest best

of others be for them. And it is evident to what utterly mistaken conceptions this method of finding out God must lead, when it is remembered that by the highest best of every being we only mean the character or condition best adapted to promote the greatest happiness of that particular being:—the Divine idea or intention in reference to it, but affording no clue to the Divine nature itself.

As the belief of the idolatrous savage seems to us a blasphemous libel upon the Deity, so may our best conceptions be similarly regarded by the higher intelligence of other or future beings.

But however advanced any intelligence may be, so long as it is a finite one, it is by the very nature of things impossible for it to form any conception whatever of the Absolute; or, in endeavouring to form such conception, to do aught but draw its own lineaments in exaggerated proportions.

That God is thus the ideal of our species is the key to the whole doctrine of the Incarnation. Men have been led by certain beauty of life and manner, around which has clustered, after the manner of the age, a halo of legends,—to think that the Ideal has once been realized. And they fall down and worship their own potential self, first projecting it into the Godhead to avoid the charge of idolatry.

Here then is one main result of my mental pilgrimage. From the verge of the Infinite have I returned with the conviction that within the limits of the finite and the knowable lie the whole duty and happiness of man. All that we can know; and all that therefore it is good for us to learn, is comprised within that series of appearances or phenomena which is appreciable by our faculties. Nourished by impressions whose source is external to us, our

growth must be exogenous, from within outwards.

On this point, therefore, I reach a conclusion different from yours. The impossibility of our reaching the Absolute is to me no 'reason for accepting as divinely infallible any statement purporting to have come across the gulf.' It must come *to*, or *through*, a fallible perception, and derive its authority from some strong impression made upon the mind of the recipient. It is true the impression may be so overwhelmingly strong as to leave him no option about obeying it, but that does not prove its inspired origin, for such are the impressions of hypochondriacs and fanatics, or enable him to communicate his conviction to others. Our impression of its falsehood may be equally strong, and equally infallible for us. The evidence that convinces him cannot convince us, for we have

it not, but only his narration of it. Consequently we can do no otherwise than judge his statements by our own knowledge and experience. For a man to assert a thing to be inspired and infallibly true without offering tangible evidence of it, is for him to say, 'the impression is so strong on my mind that you must admit it as irresistible to yours.' An American once said to me of some incredible story that it was so true I might say I saw it myself. And this seems to be just what is done by those who have a strong belief in narratives of marvellous occurrences. They have enacted the scene so often in their imaginations that it becomes as easy and familiar as if they had really seen it themselves. Hence one great value of pictures in aid of a belief in the miraculous and legendary.

Of course all questions ultimately resolve themselves into questions of evidence. But, granted the truth of miracles, what is

proved thereby except a power to work them? Certainly not the truth of any doctrine: that after all is referred to our own judgment.

Pray see if there are any works on Christianity and its esoteric meaning which are likely to help to a solution of these problems. I am inclined to think that a correct history of Philo and his school in Alexandria would afford a clue to the origin of many of the doctrines superadded to the actual teaching of Christ and incorporated with Christianity. I do not care to waste time in working out problems already solved by others. My wish is to use all that is really known as a foundation for farther progress.

One word more on this interesting 'Plurality of Worlds' controversy. Whewell's book (if it is his) seems to me a remarkable instance of intellectual perversity. His moral argument 'that the history of

man is unique and incapable of repetition,' is founded on the shallow theological hypothesis of the nature and origin of evil. While his physical argument ignores the whole history of this planet which shows that it is the essential nature and tendency of life everywhere to seek higher and more complex forms of organism, so that wherever there is life, the degree of its development is only a question of time. And who shall say that the very motion of the heavenly bodies is not a kind of life, and the impetus that lies at the root of all farther vital development. As for Brewster's book, the very title is a compound falsehood. That there are 'more worlds than one' of the kind referred to, is neither 'the creed of the philosopher' in any sense in which the word *creed* can be used; nor 'the hope of the Christian.' At least I never heard of any Christian who looked forward to a residence upon Mars, Jupiter,

or any other of the heavenly bodies after leaving this one. The attempt by men of such eminence to import 'authority' into a question of pure induction deserves the strongest reprobation. The way in which it has been received shows the low standard at which public opinion still remains.

I am reading Gibbon for the first time in my life. I found it in my father-in-law's library here—the same which first led to my mentioning Yarradale to you. I should have been saved much time and puzzlement had I read it years ago. Not because I accept his statements about the foundation of Christianity implicitly; but because they prove incontestably that the more elaborate are one's researches into historical evidence, the more difficult it is to arrive at any certainty in favour of the popular belief. This fact, added to my irresistible conviction that the grounds of

a faith on which human 'salvation' depends must be in their nature infinitely simpler, plainer, and more accessible than can ever be the case with those of any historical event, only serves to confirm me in rejecting all external testimony as a basis of religious belief, save that which is gathered from an experience which is possible to the present and the past alike. As with legislation we want to get rid of existing rather than enact fresh statutes, so with religion, we want to get rid of theological dogmas, and try simple natural development. Over-legislation is the bane of society in both relations, spiritual and civil. Your account of the growing change of feeling at home in reference to historical evidences greatly interests me. I gather from it that this conviction of mine—an old one, you will remember—is forcing its way into other minds. But I cannot comprehend how the objective element can be

eliminated from the faith of a Churchman (for this is the real meaning of such a conviction), without an abandonment of nearly all that the Church insists upon. In saying that the Church has in every age the right of interpretation,—do you mean that individual members have such a right—even those who have signed her Articles? Of course, if she were honest in her renunciation of infallibility, she would have no right to object to anybody's interpretation, or even selection, of dogmas. And in that case you may hold and teach what you please without transgressing her limits, for she has none; and I myself am a good Churchman. But so long as articles of faith are imposed, I cannot see either that the Church renounces infallibility, or how any can retain membership while rejecting those articles. Your defence of the new school, if I understand you rightly, amounts to this. Holding all things as divine; all

spiritual knowledge, whether in Jewish Scriptures or elsewhere, as a revelation from God, who is ever leading man forward ; ever progressively manifesting Himself in man's heart and mind,—there will ever be a wide interval in belief between the average majority and the advanced few. And it cannot be the Church's intention to confine its members to one stage of this progress ; much less to expel the most advanced believers.

Why then, I ask, have articles of faith at all ? and who, or what, do you mean by ' the Church ' ? It seems to me that consistently with the above statement you can only reply, ' The living generation of Churchmen ; ' that is, the opinion of the majority. But if this majority declares that you have surpassed the limits of orthodoxy, to whom is your appeal ? You can only say, ' If they insist, we must come out. But we will first try to show them

that we do not really differ from them, but are only farther advanced on the same road.' But your difficulty is caused by your having already failed to convince them of this, for the majority cry out against you, and would do so much more loudly if they knew your real opinions. For is there a word of the second and third articles, for instance, that is believed by what is called the rationalistic school ?

I should like to propound the question, as you put it, to the bench of bishops. 'Is the Church an association for the discovery and propagation of spiritual truth; or merely for the preservation of certain crystalized doctrines?' You well know that one and all would choose the latter definition; in effect, deciding it to be rather a tomb containing embalmed dogmas, than the living and growing body which you find it to be. Without attempting to settle the question whether a bishop with the learn-

ing he is supposed to have can be an honest man, I cannot but be struck by observing how very conservative a comfortable and assured position is apt to make a man. When has the necessity for reform in any system ever been admitted by the officials whom the system feeds? All plead finality, even those whose own system owes its existence to the right to change; and what existing system does not? The reformers of the sixteenth century are invested with infallibility, and their work, instead of being regarded as only a great step in the right direction, is arrested midway, and what they decreed is to be law for all time. Can there be any doubt as to how a new Luther would be received now, by the clergy, and their partisans, should one come forward and appeal to his brethren for their aid in making some fundamental reform in the Church of which he and they are alike members? Is it not certain that

so far from granting him even a serious hearing, their only reply would be a scornful bidding to leave the Church if it did not suit him, and a threat of expulsion if he did not go of his own accord? Happy for you so long as you can mistake what the Church is for what it ought to be. But have you never found yourself putting the Cause before the Truth?

The question lies in a nutshell. You may think as you like, and yet remain in the Church, provided you get a large party to agree with you; otherwise you are unfaithful to your vows, and must quit. No use declaring that in another generation or two everybody will be of your opinion. It is with the Church or Churchmen of the present, not of the future or past, that you have to deal. The only test of your being in the right is your success in persuading others that either they agree with you, or you with them. I mean this, of course, in

reference to your popular relations. In your ecclesiastical ones, it is clear that, labour as you may to convert the present narrow edifice into a spacious mansion, so long as the Church of England is an articulated Church it can make no allowance for those who chafe at her restrictions. You may be right in saying that it is not for any to quit voluntarily while believing that the Church possesses an inherent capacity for expansion. Far be it from me to condemn those who think they can reform it from within. For myself the Articles and Creeds oppose an impassable barrier. They may break, but can never stretch; and I never cease to rejoice at having made my escape from the dilemma once and for ever. I am amused at your saying I am a Christian in spite of myself, for I have long claimed you as one of the noble army of free-thinkers, in spite of your profession. Yet not quite. You have not yet offered your

sacrifice to Truth. Will it ever be that the cause of truth and reform must have its martyrs? Alas, then, for those who would save their Church and their emoluments also? If by Christianity you mean a belief in the indefinite improvement of humanity through the development of the intellect and affections in the pure spirit of Christ, you may be right about me; but if you mean that I ascribe to Deity faculties and methods which are merely human, I certainly am far from deserving the title. Will you accord it to one who follows Christ, however far off, but refuses to worship him? In this respect we are alike. Neither of us is stationary. You, after being attracted towards the High-Church, or mythological party, by their earnestness and the definiteness of their aims, now sympathise with broader views. Your logical faculty compels this; but your position leads you to seek breadth within the

Church, while I am free to seek it without. It was at a great price that I obtained this freedom, and perhaps I value it more than those who are born free; but I have my reward. What chats we would have if you were out here! Our University would have just suited you. It is not yet a great success as to numbers. Perhaps it is still somewhat in advance of our wants. We have a capital man at its head, a contemporary of yours. No pedant or bigot, though both schoolmaster and parson; but filled with an enthusiasm for all humanity most refreshing to meet with. Do you remember John Woolley, of University College?

CHAPTER XII.

EPISODES.

To Arnold.

IF it be true that habit is a great reconciler, to my disuse and unfamiliarity with the practical world of society it may be owing that I find myself objecting to one after another of the time-honoured customs which come under my notice. I have been lately made a J.P., in spite of my declaration that I know nothing of law. I was told that common sense and fairness are the principal requisites in a magistrate. In my new capacity I attend the police

office and sessions, at present rather to learn than to take a part. I have been most painfully struck by the dreadful congregation of countenances assembled in the rear of the court. It is here, and only here, I am told, that the remnant of the old outcast population of the colony is still to be seen. Degraded by life-long familiarity with crime and vice of the lowest kind, these terribly brutalised faces form as great a contrast to the rest of the population as the blacks do to the whites. Where they hide themselves, how they live, none but the police know; but by the traction of their old associations they invariably turn up to watch, with unabated interest, the investigation of crime, and the operation of the law. A few years, however, and all this will have vanished; and the souls of even these poor wretches, perhaps, prove of some account in manuring

the spiritual universe, and so helping it to yield a better crop in the future.

Mary has read the last sentence over my shoulder, and declares that I am nearly as bad as the preacher we heard last Sunday, who came out so strong on the text, 'He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.' 'Poor chaff!' she was provoked to say; 'it is not the chaff's fault if we can do nothing better with it than burn it. We may yet discover a good use for it; but rather than reproach it for its worthlessness, let us remember how necessary it has been to the grain. Where would our wheat have been but for its touching self-abnegation, which led it to devote its whole existence to enfolding and cherishing the seed, bearing the brunt of the heat and the storm, yielding all the joy and the honour to another, and accepting contempt and neglect for its own share.'

Have not I taught her to listen to a sermon with profit?

But it is our system of judicial swearing that has struck me as so exceedingly curious. Pray do not publish the fact, but it is a fact, that though a magistrate myself, I am not competent to give evidence in a court of justice! If an advocate chose to question me about my theological belief he could reject me as an untrustworthy witness, through my having come to certain unpopular conclusions either respecting the origin of those ancient historical documents known as the New Testament, or in my metaphysical speculations concerning the Absolute. My very love of truth spoils me in the eye of the law for being a trustworthy witness. I was brought to this startling discovery when watching a case that illustrates in more ways than one the singular condition of this country in matters of justice. It was a case of horse-

stealing, the commonest of offences here ; and a Victorian squatter, who had been summoned as witness, had travelled round by sea and land over a thousand miles to the trial, and rode back home five hundred miles afterwards. His evidence was essential and satisfactory ; but the lawyer who was on the other side very nearly succeeded in rejecting it, and was only foiled by the singular wit of the witness. He was reputed to be what is called an 'infidel,' whatever that may be, and on his entering the witness-box the counsel stopped the clerk who was about to administer the oath, saying that he wished to ask the witness a few questions about his religious opinions. The witness observed that when sworn he should be most happy to answer any questions about the case before the court, but that his opinions concerned nobody but himself ; they were not evidence, and nothing he could say

unsworn could be evidence; he hoped, therefore, his honour, the judge, would save him from any irrelevant curiosity. The judge, however, answered what seemed to me a most reasonable appeal by intimating that it was necessary to answer the counsel's questions.

‘Perhaps, then,’ said the witness, ‘I may be informed if, not being sworn, I am bound to speak the truth.’

‘Not legally,’ said the judge.

‘And there is no penalty if I lie?’

‘None.’

Witness thanked the judge, and turning to the counsel said, ‘Now then, Sir, you may just ask me what you please, and I’ll endeavour to frame my answers to suit you.’

Seeing that an examination under such circumstances would be a farce, the lawyer requested that the oath might be adminis-

tered. This done he again commenced,

‘Now that you are legally bound to speak the truth I desire to know if you believe in the New Testament on which you have been sworn?’

Turning to the judge with an expression of mock humility, witness said,

‘I pray your honour’s protection.’

The judge told him to answer the question.

‘But, your honour, it’s not fair. He wants to make me commit myself because he knows my evidence will tell against him.’

‘Exactly so,’ said the counsel, blandly bowing.

‘What,’ asked the judge, ‘do you mean by making you commit yourself?’

‘Why, your honour, he wants me to disqualify myself for being sworn as a witness by acknowledging that I believe in

the Divine authority of a book that contains a positive injunction against swearing at all !’

On hearing this most unexpected reply the lawyer answered the judge’s inquiring smile by throwing himself back in his seat, and declining further to oppose the witness.

Does it not seem strange that the very truthfulness which would induce a man to acknowledge his disbelief should be used to discredit him. I am told that in England it is no rare thing for a witness to be rejected for declaring his disbelief in a God ; though I can hardly imagine any one doing so ; for as my little French fellow-voyager once said, ‘ No man is an atheist who believes in cause and effect, and every one who is not a downright idiot believes in that.’ The atheist, then, is he who has unpopular notions respecting the *nature* of the first cause. No one dis-

believes the existence thereof. It seems to me absolutely certain that a little advance in the public intelligence will cause the oath to be discarded altogether. As an appeal to the supernatural it really means nothing; and as a legal contract it might be made equally binding and less objectionable. A choice might even be given to the witness, and if he admitted that an oath was necessary to compel him to speak the truth, or that he held a simple affirmation less binding than a sworn one, the oath might in that case be administered. So long as the present system lasts we cannot claim the credit of guaranteeing equal rights to all our citizens without respect to opinion. We make orthodoxy a consideration superior to justice; nay, we outdo the Americans, who, in disqualifying the blacks, make colour, instead of opinion, the test of credibility. Surely the abuse has not escaped the eyes of Eng-

lish reformers. Yet I have never seen any mention made of it among the multitude of matters needing correction. It is difficult to say which most excites my indignation,—the logical absurdity, or the practical injustice, of the present system of judicial oaths. *Because* a man speaks the truth when questioned about his opinions while under no legal obligation to do so (that is, prior to his being sworn), *therefore* his testimony is valueless, even with the additional guarantee of an oath and its legal penalties! His very veracity maintained in the face of the most serious inconveniences is converted into a proof of his utter mendacity. Very convenient this must be for an unscrupulous and reluctant witness. A hint to the counsel, and the bare assertion of certain sentiments, will excuse him from giving evidence. In the former case the simple truth prevents a man being believed on oath;

and in the latter, a simple falsehood enables him to escape from giving evidence. If sworn testimony alone is valuable, what an absurdity to allow the bare assertion of certain opinions to relieve from the obligation of giving it.

The class to whom the religious obligation of an oath is essential must be but a small one, at least I hope so, in proportion to the rest of the population. There cannot be very many people who are such idiots as to hold that the obligation to bear true witness depends upon the form of words in which the obligation is acknowledged, rather than upon a fundamental duty existing independently of all forms whatever. Such Fetichism would indicate a moral sense low enough to exclude them from the witness-box, but does not justify the preservation of an unjust enactment on their behalf. As, then, it is not the pledge, be it in the form of oath or

affirmation, that imposes the obligation to speak the truth, all that is requisite is the acknowledgment of the obligation to enable the law to deal with the violator of it as with one who breaks a legal contract. The present law rests on the falsehood that the manner of the contract is of more importance than its matter; that the letter is everything; the spirit and intention nothing.

Were I in the position of a doubtful witness, and interrogated concerning my belief in God and retribution, I think I should answer, 'I believe that if I commit perjury and repent, God will forgive me; but that the law will punish me whether I repent or not.' I think of writing a little tract on the question, to be called 'The Swearer's Assistant;' a short catechism of questions and answers for the witness-box, something like this:

Lawyer.—‘Pray, Sir, do you believe in a Future State?’

Witness.—‘Why, don’t you!’

The squatter in question came and dined with me after the court was over, and we had a good deal of amusing chat. He is clever and eccentric, with considerable common sense in his crotchets. He told me that on the census being taken, in the column ‘Religion,’ he wrote of himself, ‘I worship God;’ so that the colony appeared by the registrar’s report to contain so many hundred thousand Church of Englanders, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and others, but only one who worshipped God.

Among other things he said, ‘I don’t go to church myself, but I am very tolerant to those who do.’

My French fellow-passenger has lately spent a day with us. He is prosperously following the avocation of a tobacco merchant among the colonies, for which he

says all his countrymen have a natural aptitude owing to its æsthetic character. He came into my district to inspect a property with a view to taking a mortgage upon it. He and Mary are delighted with each other. He declares that she is the original of all the Madonnas of the painters, only with more fun in her ; and that hers is just the face to send Italian peasants down on their knees. He prides himself on being a physiognomist, and says it is essential in his business, which depends upon the honesty of the agents whom he selects and sets up in the different towns. But he does not seem to have restricted his studies of faces to persons eligible for selling cigars. He declares that he can always read the history of a married couple in the expression of the wife's face. ' I do not tell all my friends of my gift,' he said, ' for some of them would not be so glad to see me, especially

the widows. I am very fond of widows, and I always know by their expression if they and their husbands have been happy together, and, if not, who was in fault. Ah, it is a great risk marrying any but a widow. I would have all women born widows. Marriage is such a transformer, and so few can stand well the test. It is not often that a former lover does not congratulate himself on his escape when he sees the lady a year or two after her marriage. The face is a great index. As people live, so they look. If all the world considered that, people would pay more respect to what they think and do. Not the grosser sentiments only, but selfishness and hypocrisy all write their names there if habitually indulged in. Why, sometimes I see folks in the street and in society who almost make me jump and cry out, "How dare you expose your indecent face to other people? Do not believe that

because you do not such and such things openly, they cannot all be seen just as plainly in your countenance." The preachers say that in the world of spirits every one will fear to have an evil thought, because all can see through and read each other. I believe we might make this a spirit world too if we would try.'

And then he turned to me and said,

'You have practised my art to good purpose ;' and to Mary,

'Ah, you need not fear to meet your old lovers. It is they who will need to be pitied.'

Being curious to know what so shrewd and practical a man could suggest about the vexed question of our national education, I told him of the difficulties which beset the solution of the problem. His first remark was,

'Don't call it education. That is the work of life. Call it instruction, and you

get rid of one great obstacle—the priests. It is no business of theirs to teach reading and writing, and geography and arithmetic.’

Being told that many doubt the right of the State to interfere between parent and child, he cried, ‘What, hold that the child’s mind is of less value than its body ! If a parent ill-treat and starve his child’s body the police will interfere, and he will be punished, and the child taken from him. And shall he be left free to cruelly outrage its mind by starving and destroying its intellectual and its moral life ? No, no ; if the State has the right to prevent or to punish child-murder, it has the right to insist on every child having its mental life cared for : and every child can claim, as a member of the State, the right of instruction as well as of protection. I say not that Government should provide schools, but it ought to say to every idle

child, "You may be taught where you please, but taught you must be." And it ought to say to every parent, "You have no more right to let loose upon society a pack of ignorant young savages than a herd of wild beasts." If you persist in doing so, you will find that soon it will cost you more for prisons, and policemen, and hangman's ropes, than you would have had to pay for schooling. The people of these colonies boast of their "mounted police force," and no doubt it has done good service, but I say it is nothing to what a mounted force of teachers would do who would range through all the thin people of this wide land, and instruct everywhere the children.'

Being told that the main difficulty arises from the refusal of the religious sects to agree upon an uniform system even of secular instruction, and to allow their children to be taught together, he said,

‘ Ah, yes, they are like some charitable people who found a lad perishing of hunger, and took him in, and set before him food, but would not allow him to eat until they had said grace ; and they were so long quarrelling about what should be said and who should say it, that he died before he could eat. No, your Government must ride with a high hand over all such bad folly. The State has a right to act in self-defence, and if it does not destroy ruffianism, ruffianism will destroy it. England has given up transporting away her criminals. Mark my words, her criminals will one day get to be too strong, and it will take almost a civil war to put them down. I know London well. The people there live upon a worse volcano than that of Naples, and have no beauty of scenery to compensate for the danger. Now, while this country is young, and before the priests become powerful, and while the

people are not yet accustomed to poverty and crime, the task is easy. Why do your Australian horses practise that *pas diabolique* that you call the 'Buckjump?' It is because you do not break them in till they are five or six years old, and they have acquired bad habits, and are too old to lose them. Take care lest some day the ignorant and the criminals do not buckjump your Government and your civilization off their backs. If there are no schools to which all children can go, the Government must create some, and teach them what is their duty in the world. And if the parents or the priests are not content, it may please them to be allowed to send their missionaries at times into the schools to instil their favourite superstitions into the children of their own sect. And if they are discontented with that, and still want to bring up their children in discord with each other, they must be dis-

regarded as bad citizens. No teacher of religion has a right to consider himself more than a missionary, and he ought to be very rejoiced to be free to spread his opinions. As for giving him influence in the government, more than belongs to him as a simple citizen, it is making suicide of your liberties. No man must make laws in virtue of his calling. Not your priest, more than your doctor, or your tailor; and least of all any man who professes some interest superior to that of the State, for he will not hesitate to weaken and injure the State in order to serve his own sect.'

My friend has lately been on a second trading-voyage to the Islands. I inquired if he had seen anything of my little friend Maleia.

'Ah, yes, Maria has grown very fat, and lives with an English sailor in a house of their own near the village. She has a white baby, and is very content.'

‘ You call her Maria ?’ I observed.

‘ Yes, that is the name the missionaries gave her, but the natives cannot pronounce the *r*, and sound it like *l*.’

On taking his leave he said to me with an arch look, ‘ Not every *martyr* finds his crown of reward in this life.’

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOAL.

To Arnold.

THANKS, dear Arnold, for your continued letters and suggestions. It is most curious to me to find in one book after another that I take up, the same thoughts that have occurred to me in my solitude. The fact of so many independent minds starting from different points, and arriving at the same results, seems indeed to show that there is a considerable element of truth in their conclusions; certainly, at least, that there is an unity in human intellect. I am not conscious of having had

any end in view beyond the discovery of truth ; no pet theory to establish, but only to find out what is. I think another proof of our being on the right path is to be found in our explaining, rather than rejecting or ignoring, the doctrines which have hitherto prevailed. An error is surely best refuted when the cause of it is exposed. Let me give you an instance. The clergyman just appointed to itinerate this district stays with me when he comes to hold his monthly service. His first sermon to us was delivered last Sunday. It was on the Fall. He treated the text from Genesis in the usual manner, as a narrative of events that might just as easily have been otherwise, and, indeed, more easily, as far as man was concerned ; for his transgression arose from no necessity of his nature,—that was perfect. Yet somehow, though this perfect man was so culpable as to have earned everlasting torments for himself and

all his progeny, it was all pre-intended for the greater glory of the Creator. The whole discourse was one grand mystification, tending mainly to exhibit God as being capricious, selfish, and cruel, as any Hindoo deity; making his Will the measure of right, instead of Right the basis of his Will. It was pleasant, however, to see how the people, who came from far and near, enjoyed the opportunity. It brought back old home associations and kindled feelings of kindness among them, and possibly even aroused long dormant feelings of devotion.

Now the meaning of this allegory,—it seems to me unmistakably clear and simple now that I have my own child for my interpreter. What else is it than a representation of the growth of consciousness, and equally true of every intelligent being that ever was born? Life is at first merely vegetable existence, until the accumulation

of sensations in the memory induces comparison, reflection, and judgment. The first perception of less and more, better and worse, right and wrong, is the moment of the giving of the law, of the eyes being opened. The perception of contrast or difference, before the attainment of experience to guide the choice, necessarily renders the individual liable to error in his choice; and this is evidently the leading idea in Hawthorne's remarkable romances, only he superadds remorse as a redeeming and elevating agent. Finite in knowledge, we must needs sometimes choose that which proves afterwards to be the less good. But such a condition is far above one in which we are not free to choose; in which we are as automata unconsciously obeying an irresistible instinct.

The Fall is a rise.

Self-knowledge is the first condition of improvement. No longer an unreasoning

animal, my child now knows its right hand from its left. Henceforth there is a law for him, even the ideal standard of such perfection as he can imagine. When once he is able to imagine anything better than he can do, he rises to the dignity of a 'sinner,' for there is a short-coming in his performance, and he is aware of it. Thus, 'by the law is the knowledge of sin' (the theological term for the imperfect, the finite, the non-absolute in morals). The simplicity of the test applied to Adam, and his whole conduct under the circumstances (not to go into the probable signification of certain details), is plainly intended to exhibit the low and infantile level of his mental nature. It is an allegory for all time; and for eternity also. For, as the birth of human consciousness was the introduction of sin into the world, so the birth of the Divine Consciousness

was the introduction of Evil into the Universe.

The question of the origin of evil is nothing else than the question of the origin of all things, even of thought itself. This is admirably put in an anonymous little tract I have met with, bearing the singular title of 'The Infinite Republic.' The 'Absolute Perfection' of the schools is shown to be nothing else than annihilation,—the attainment of a state in which, nothing being left to desire, hope, activity, change, must cease. The Universe had never existed unless something better were possible than that which existed previously. The very act of deliberation involved a choice between two things, of which one was better than the other.

'To be, or not to be,' was a question which might have been determined otherwise than it was, even by the non-existence

of the universe, on the theological hypothesis of the relations between God and nature.

In the absence of other evidence, we must have recourse to analogy. As in man the vegetative and animal existence precedes the sentient, so must the physical universe ever appear to us to precede the spiritual. We cannot think of the universe except as a body containing mind and evolving thought. If not made out of the Divine substance, of what else can it be composed? If aught else than God was self-existent, He ceases to be God. All that is not Pantheistic, therefore, is Atheistic. The idea of God, or the Divine Mind, existing prior to His substance is as impossible to us as that of man so existing. Wherefore it would appear that the only way in which 'God' can be called the 'Maker' and ruler of all things is that in which man is often described as forming

his own character and position. In other words, our definition of nature must be enlarged so as to include the tendency, character, and power, in short, all that is commonly ascribed to Deity.

Conscious existence being once granted, good and evil as relative terms follow as necessarily as all other degrees of comparison. We cannot eliminate one from a true science of God without eliminating all ; just as we cannot separate the idea of *more* from that of *less*. No sooner do we call Him exclusively good, than we depose Him from the sole sovereignty, and exalt evil to another and an equal throne. We put a good God at one extreme of the universe, and a bad one at the other, and divide the dominion between them. The only intelligible idea of God is that which includes all extremes of existence. Not good, not evil, but the great I AM. The ALL and IN ALL. By good we only mean human

good. By evil, human evil. That which does, and that which does not coincide with the conditions of our own being. That which operates to prevent life from attaining its highest development. The only sin against God is sin against ourselves. The only way to serve God is to serve man, and man is only to be served by being aided to adapt himself and his conditions to each other, and to cultivate his capacity for greater appreciation and enjoyment. Thus there is no inconsistency between the highest spirituality in character, and the most rigid Positivism in method. Science and religion are not adversaries, for the truest scientific disposition is that which proceeds in humility and reverence to the investigation of the mysteries of our being.

You say that I seem to you to limit the power of God to make a revelation to man. Whereas it was rather man's incapacity to

know anything infallibly that I maintained. The fact being so, it is not for us to kick against it, but to make the best use of our faculties, and prove all things as well as we can ; always starting from our own consciousness as the only impression sufficiently universal to constitute the basis of a general agreement.

I was fixing a kaleidoscope the other day for Mary's school on the farm, and in default of the proper materials filled it with bits of broken bottle, and quill, a pin, a button, a piece of lace, a rose leaf, and other odds and ends ; the effect of all which, when held up to the sun, and combined and multiplied by reflection, was really most curious and rich. And it struck me that this universe, disjointed, irregular, and ill-assorted as its parts may appear to us separately, may yet appear to one who can behold all things from the right point of view, exquisitely varied,

complete, and beautiful. Why should there not be a picturesque in the moral as well as in the physical world? And who of us can judge how far the poorest and most crooked ingredient contributes to the general effect? Do you quarrel with my inference that it is not for us to shape things as if we could view their general effect from the universal focus? That it is not for man to attempt to see or judge things from God's point of view, but only from their human aspect—in their relations to man? But instead of allowing our standard of right to be a human ideal, we deify it, and then represent the Deity as estimating sin, not by the nature of the sinner who commits it, but by that of Himself who does not and cannot! To make God estimate our actions by the standard of his own perfection, and not according to the sinner's imperfect nature and circumstances, is to make Him unjust in the ex-

treme. What would be thought of punishing a child that is hardly equal to the rule of three, for not understanding the differential calculus? That which would be an impossibly low and evil course for a pure and lofty being, may in reality be a noble and elevated one for a weak and tempted creature. Remember the story of the widow's mite.

Is it for a part to complain that it cannot comprehend the whole? It seems to me that it ought to be a sufficient source of satisfaction to feel oneself homogeneous with all of the universe that comes within our range. 'One with God.'

I like your suggestion that it is a question how far the difference between Theism and Pantheism is a matter of temperament. Perhaps both may be true even for the same individual; the emotional part of our nature requiring one, and the logical part the other. But hence-

forth I mean to strive against striving for the Absolute. It is a sea without shores or bottom, and one may literally lose oneself in God.

Our preacher added an admonition against procrastination in accepting the proffered salvation, dwelling upon 'to-day' and 'the night cometh' when He will no longer listen and forgive, till Mary became indignant, asking if God changed, and maintaining that it cannot be so. The sun shines ever the same: it is ourselves who are turned away. Not while He will, but while we can, is the true way of putting it.

There is certainly much virtue in texts. Everybody likes to have his knowledge cast in little solid bullets handy for use, especially for flinging at the heads of others. Proverbs are the concentrated essence of experience. I find myself never satisfied that I understand anything until

I have succeeded in thus reducing it to a condition so simple as to be self-evident. I am now casting a stock for battering our colonial school system. Here is a sample of my ammunition.

‘The most perfect legislation is that which combines the greatest personal liberty with the greatest personal security.’ (It is astonishing how few people know this.)

‘It is an act of injustice to apply funds derived from the whole community, to the promotion of the opinions of any portion of it.’

‘The admission of any distinctive tenet is a sentence of exclusion against all who do not hold that tenet.’

‘The first duty of a State is equal justice to all its members, without reference to their opinions, religious or political.’

‘Ecclesiastical systems are *internal* to the State. Like joint-stock or other ex-

clusive societies, they are private to the members who compose them.'

'The existing State system excludes from its benefits all who do not profess the Christian religion. This involves the admission either that those persons need not be good citizens, or that they can be so without either Christianity or education.'

In working out this question I have found Herbert Spencer's theoretical conclusions utterly irresistible; that education is no part of a government's duty. And I know that Chevalier Bunsen's practical experiences of its effects in Prussia have set him strongly against State education, as in the long run weakening more than it strengthens, keeping the people in perpetual tutelage, and repressing all healthy independent political life. But the people here are as yet far from comprehending this, and the Government is so far committed to the cause that I can only hope at

present to counteract in some degree its endeavours to foment and perpetuate religious differences. Better, however, that Government should do that than attempt to enforce religious uniformity.

As you are vacating your fellowship for a living, I presume and trust the usual consequences may follow. In this view I commend the following anecdote to your consideration. In a conversation at dinner with some neighbours about the new Constitution act I happened to say that there is something in the character of the English which would enable them to flourish under any form of government. They understand the system of compromises, and, so long as there is a balance in favour of order and security, are not inclined to push their claim for abstract rights. One of the guests, wife of a rich squatter, who is reputed to be of a somewhat imperious temperament, said rather pointedly that it

would be a good thing if Englishmen would carry out the principle in private life instead of indemnifying themselves there for their moderation elsewhere. The conversation resumed its course, but the remark and the tone of it stuck to me, and at last prompted the reflection that the maintenance of all happy relations, whether in public or domestic life, must depend upon the temper maintained by the related parties towards each other. Fancy my 'asserting rights' over Mary! Oh husbands, show yourselves as grateful for the smallest favour granted by your wives as if they were still your sweethearts. So will ye continue lovers to the end. Much negro-slavery, I fear me, there is among us. The wife is 'property,' and her owner is unthankful.

Our guest having left us, Mary tells me that Mrs —— (the lady above alluded to) has taken her aside and imparted her

conviction that the secret of happiness in married life consists in a woman never letting her husband know how much she cares for him. Mary affects to be alarmed at this piece of information, fearing that she has committed this great mistake, and wants to know if I should have cared so very much more for her if she had concealed her affection from me.

I have heard the maxim before, but never heeded it. What truth is there in it? It can only be this: a woman may love, but not pursue. In love the man has the active part, the woman is the recipient. The excitement of being the attacking party is necessary to produce the confidence essential to the full fruition of love. Let them change places,—let the woman undertake the pursuit and the assault, and the man is thrown back upon himself and paralysed. I once saw Juliet acted with such vigour that Romeo couldn't get a

word in edgeways. The poor fellow was quite cowed by the maiden's energy. She seemed to know so much more about it than he did. No. Let her love with all her soul, and let him know the precious jewel of affection that lies hidden in the casket of her heart; otherwise he may deem that it is not there, that there is no rich spoil to be gained by his enterprise.

But all that we can do to help others to a share of the happiness with which we are blest, seems lamentably incommensurate with the intensity of the feeling that prompts us. To Mary I owe it that my whole being is pervaded and fused with one soft dreamy atmosphere of love.

Self-denial for others is no longer a sacrifice but the highest pleasure. Love is the fulfilment of the highest law of our being. An universe without that would be motionless, stagnant, dead. 'God is love' is a higher revelation than 'love is a

god.' If it be that we are but portions of the infinite consciousness, endowed with a brief individuality, again to return and be merged in the great whole;—tentacula put forth to gain experiences for the Universal Parent,—when we return with memories loaded with ecstasies which become part of the Universal Experience, and thrill through the very centre of all sensation, how complacently will the Infinite regard us as the agents of so much delight to Himself! Especially if our joy has been alloyed by no admixture of pain to others; for that too would be transmitted, and be counted a set-off against our contribution of pleasure. Feeling is above doctrine. All lines of definition melt and vanish in the crucible of Love. And this is the highest morality, for it unconsciously compels the utmost circumspection lest we do aught that may cause after regret. The idea of justice vanishes before our ignorance of

the sensational compensations of each individual. Merit and desert are equally phantoms. *We are*, and it is better to be than not to be. We question not about immortality, for our love can anticipate no end. While here, our work is here, and its reward also. Whatever lasts as long as we last, is eternal for us.

The future life is utterly beyond demonstration, because whatever proof be presented to the senses we cannot be sure that we are not labouring under hallucination in regard to it. It is a matter of feeling, and belongs therefore to the province of faith rather than to that of belief. When weak and despairing man longs to end altogether, deeming it impossible to continue to exist much longer, and having no desire to do so. When full of life and hope he is equally unable to imagine his discontinuance. All that logic can do is to convince of the eternity of the *whole*. For it, *the*

universe is alive, but it knows nothing of the immortality of the parts.

Well, what say you? that much loving has made me mad? Would that you and all were so then, for with Love there is worship. Hitherto excursive in mind and body I have at length found a haven of content and a shrine at which I may kneel. For a Holy Mary she indeed is, mother of all good in me, and inspirer of all best aspirations throughout my whole life, past, present, and to come. The Ideal so long unconsciously desired, and ignorantly worshipped, before ever I saw her, and now the realised perfection, rekindling in me the very faculty of worship once so nearly extinguished by my education.

Your wonder as to what would have been my religion had I not found such a woman shows that you have as yet failed to understand me. What was it before I found her, and what will it be after I lose

her?—if indeed such a calamity can happen without crushing life or reason out of me. Still the worship of Perfection beyond all powers of imagining:—Perfection ever believed in and striven towards, even when no thought of thus realising it had occurred to me. As there is an identity of belief between the Jew and Christian, only that the latter has found what the former is still looking for:—so, between my past and present faith is an identity which you have failed to perceive. Who can blame me if I worship the Infinite as revealed to me in the most perfect finite? Do not even the Christians the same? Nay, is not this Christianity itself to recognise the Creator through the medium (or mediation) of His perfectest embodiment,—that is, the embodiment which *I* recognise as most perfect? What matter whether it be man or woman, Jesus or

Mary? There is no sex in Deity. Character is of all genders.

Here then is my answer to the question, 'What was the exact work of Christ?' It was to give men a law for their government transcending any previously generally recognised. Ignoring alike the military ruler, the priest, and the civil magistrate, he virtually denounced physical force, spiritual terror, and legal penalties as the compelling motives for virtue. 'The system whereby he would make men perfect even as their Father in heaven is perfect, was by developing the higher moral law implanted in every man's breast, and so cultivating the idea of God in the soul. The 'law of God in the heart,' was no original conception of his. It had been recognised by many long before, and had raised them to the dignity of prophets, saints, and martyrs. Its sway, though

incapable of gaining in intensity, is wider now than ever, till the poet of our day must be one who is deeply imbued with it; no mere surface-painter like his predecessors, however renowned, but having a spiritual insight which makes him at once poet and prophet. The founding of an organised society having various grades of ecclesiastical rank, and definite rules of faith, does not seem to me to have formed any part of Christ's idea. His plan was rather to scatter broadcast the beauty of his thought, and let it take root and spring up where it could. Recognising intensely as he did the all-winning loveliness of his idea, he felt that it would never lack ardent disciples to propagate it, and he left it to each age to devise such means as the varying character of the times might suggest. The 'Christian Church,' therefore, for me consists of all who follow a Christian ideal of character, no matter whether, or in

whom they believe that ideal to have been personified.

Under present influences, I fancy, I am undergoing a sort of psychological transformation. I find myself no longer seeing the highest reformer either in the preacher of repentance, or in the denouncer of abuses, or in the demonstrator of abstract rights; but in the Artist—he who records and exhibits to mankind the best imaginations to which his experience has given birth, and so teaches by examples rather than by precepts. Christ transcended all other reformers inasmuch as he lived his example instead of merely writing or painting it; but where would Christianity be if he had had no reporters? The Artist is the true follower of his Maker, causing the invisible to be clearly seen, whether his idea be expressed through marble, canvas, or paper. Sculptor and painter, preacher and poet, dramatist and novelist, each is a

prophet of the people, revealing in his own degree the threefold unity of Beauty, Goodness, and Truth, that underlies the moral Universe. Sculpture culminated long ago in Greece. Painting has declined from the zenith it attained some three hundred years ago; and through them Form and Colour did their part in the education of mankind. The drama has dwindled since Shakespeare. Poetry, eternal as language, rhythm, and feeling, exhibits no weakness of childhood in the days of Job or Homer, or decrepitude of age in these of Tennyson. The special artist of our day is the novelist, whose mission is identical with the poet's, but whose task, though easier than the poet's in that he is uncramped by the exigencies of verse, is yet higher and harder in that he is therefore called on to delineate far more complex scenes of life, and wider diversities of thought, feeling, and action, than can be

exhibited through any other agency. While his brother artists display simple figures or groups of figures in unchanging attitude, or single actions and their immediate results, to the novelist alone it belongs to exhibit the development of character, the conflict of motives, the remote springs and results of actions : for the novelist alone is in possession of a field wide enough for the marshalling and array of so large a force. The mission of all is the same, and the same spirit animates all. Every true artist is poet and prophet, revealer of the divine in the human, of the infinite in the finite. The highest teaching of our age is not to be found in sermons, for Humanity has outlived Dogma ; Faith has survived Belief. By a curious, yet logical, process, the most practical intellect in the world, that of protestant England, has unconsciously adopted the spirit while scoffing at the letter of Mariolatry ; and her novelists,

prose and poet, unite to exhibit the character of a pure, true, compassionate woman as the best and nearest revelation of the Divine in nature; the 'Mother of God' in man, remaining herself 'ever virgin,' inasmuch as she puts his good before her own desires.

As I write, the clear, sweet, rich notes of Mary's voice are pouring through the open windows, and spreading over the sunny landscape. I can see the children on the farm and their mothers stealthily, and with finger on lip, listening under the roses that form our garden hedge; while our little one, soon we trust to have a playmate, is balancing itself beside its mother, and gazing steadfastly up into the heaven of her face.

The song is one that I wrote for her, and she has set it (*I think most beautifully*) to music.

Here it is.

Recit.

I found a flower pining on the heights and sang :

Song.

‘ Oh flower, wasting in the wild,
 Oh flower, stricken by the storm,
 Come to my home, be tended by my care,
 For I have love in store,
 And yet am lonely there.

‘ No longer drooping in the noon,
 No longer shrinking in the night,
 Forsake the wild where joy is none for thee :
 Forsake the wilderness,
 And come, be glad with me.

‘ Oh happy home ! oh blessed flower !
 And happy buds that bloom around !
 And shade of leaves inlaid with breaks of sun !
 And store of love that grows
 With all the years that run ! ’

Mary does not quite own to having been the pining flower, but gives in her unreserved adherence to the last verse. And so, practising the lesson of the pine-trees, we find that the deeper we strike our roots

into earth, the higher we rise towards heaven.

In Love alone, in pure and unreserving Love, does all questioning find answer. At once Tree of knowledge and Tree of life, fortunate are they who can eat thereof without trespass and without penalty. Believe me, my friend, those only who feel—know. And, where Love is, there is no Dogma.

THE END.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 049779223